

FIFTY CENTS

AUGUST 20, 1973

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TIME

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Adding Up Watergate I



Henry Ford II, Chairman, Ford Motor Company. In the background is the six-story waterfall in the lobby, Crown Center Hotel, Kansas City, Mo.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

It was the appearance of two characters named Hannifin and Eisdorath in a recently published espionage novel called *The Spy Trap* that first quickened our interest. As the plot of *The Spy Trap* thickened, more and more characters sharing the names of TIME staff members began to turn up in the book. Reporter-Researcher Sara Collins (now Sara C. Medina), for instance, is a correspondent for an American press syndicate in the book; "Heiskell" is a *Spy Trap* code word and also the name of Time Inc.'s chairman of the board. Author Burton Graham provided the explanation: While he was working on the thriller in an isolated town in southern Spain in 1971, his only contact with the outside world was through his weekly edition of TIME. Thus whenever he needed a name, he simply appropriated one from our masthead (he borrowed a total of 16).

This was not the first time that TIME masthead names have appeared in a literary context. In William Saroyan's comedy *Lovely's Old Sweet Song*, a door-to-door magazine salesman recites our 1940 roster of editors and researchers as part of a TIME subscription sales pitch to his potential customers—whose response is somewhat less than enthusiastic. Novelist P.G. Wodehouse proved to be a masthead reader too. In the 1955 Christmas issue of *Punch*, he published a poetic catalogue of our editorial staffers, including then-Managing Editor Roy Alexander: "How very much I would enjoy, / To call Roy Alexander 'Roy' / And hear him say 'Hullo, dear boy!'"

Something about our masthead (borrowed from the nautical, meaning "the place for the display of flags") intrigued a 1955 *New York* writer as well; he noticed that the names of our 62 researchers composed the largest block in the list and surmised that the presence in the TIME offices of all those women—with names like Harriet Ben Ezra, Quinera Sarita King and Yi Ying Sung—must have been "pulse-quickening."

Perhaps the name that caught the imagination of outside writers more than any other was that of Science Reporter-Researcher Fortunata Sydnor Trappell, who for years claimed the longest name on the masthead. She extended her lead by five letters in 1966, when she married and became Fortunata Sydnor Vanderschmidt. In a typographic economy drive of 1969—our staff, and our masthead, had grown larger—she agreed to cooperate and is now listed merely as F. Sydnor Vanderschmidt.

The less distinctive name of Peter Mathews first materialized on our masthead in 1924 under the title of Weekly Contributor. He wrote articles, answered letters from TIME readers, and even appeared in a now defunct TIME column called Miscellany on more than one occasion. The truth is that Peter Mathews was an amiable figure of the imagination, the ghostliest writer on our staff, and in 1960 his name left the masthead forever.

Ralph P. Davidson

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LETTERS

The Tapes

Sir / The President of the United States should not release the tapes of confidential conversations and other discussions in his office with members of his staff [July 30].

The Ervin and the Cox investigating committees should be ashamed if they are unable to arrive at the truth of the matter with the time they have given themselves and with their ability to subpoena any and all employees.

MRS. FRANK E. MULLEN
Soperton, Ga.

Sir / Richard Nixon can only help this country now by turning over all tapes and documents and resigning thereafter.

GLEN MALONEY
Glenshaw, Pa.

Sir / Surely everybody should know by this time that one of these days verbatim transcripts of those tapes will appear in the Washington Post, the New York Times or Jack Anderson's column.

So—why worry?
HUGO W. SCHROEDER SR.
Randallstown, Md.

Sir / Even hoodlums obey subpoenas.

MICHAEL D. PETT
Washington, D.C.

Watergate Thoughts

Sir / President Nixon claims that he knew absolutely nothing of what his staff was doing in reference to the Watergate break-in. The question used to be, "Would you buy a used car from this man?" I now answer the question this way: "No, but I'd sure like to sell one to him."

PAUL BRIDENBAUGH
Jackson, Mich.

Sir / I feel we need to return to sanity, wind down the committee circus in Washington, get the Watergate affair into its proper perspective and off the TV tubes and front pages, and get on to working on the real problems that face our nation.

JAMES GRAHAM
Columbus, Ga.

Sir / Hindsight: the improvement in vision that comes with having been caught red-handed.

JOHN NEALE
Lilburn, Ga.

Sir / I am afraid you do not know that "Ehrlichman(n)" means "honest fella." Well, then.

WOLFGANG KAUP
Aschaffenburg, West Germany

Sir / After watching and reading about the Watergate hearings for quite some time, people may wonder what educational value this has for the American teen-ager. Here is what I have learned: in retrospect, I have no knowledge whatsoever at this point in time, to the best of my recollection.

DIANE SIEGEL
Stamford, Conn.

Heart Surgery Statistics

Sir / In your article "Revitalized Hearts" [July 30] the mortality statistics for patients with and without surgical treatment by coronary-bypass techniques were quoted incorrectly, giving a falsely grim outlook for

both groups of patients. In the Cleveland Clinic study, 6.2% of 1,000 operated patients were dead after one year, compared with 11.9% of non-operated patients with severe coronary disease. The cumulative mortality of surgical patients after three years was 13.4% (of 269 patients who were followed over three years), compared with 24.9% of nonsurgical patients.

The experience to date suggests that surgical treatment reduces mortality from coronary artery disease by about one-half.

DONALD B. EFFLER, M.D.
WILLIAM C. SHELTON, M.D.
Cleveland Clinic
Cleveland

The Palestinians' Turn

Sir / As an Israeli student of history, I feel it is my moral duty to focus the readers' attention on an important point in Mr. Dayan's interview with your diplomatic editor [July 30].

In saying "there are Palestinian people, but there is not a Palestinian state," Mr. Dayan put the Palestinian people in the same tragic situation that his own people were in just a few decades ago. Perhaps history will repeat itself, only faster this time. The time will come when Dayan's people will be in the same situation as the Palestinian people are in now, if Dayan's policy is accepted by the Israeli government.

ADAM NASSAR
Greenville, Ill.

Scrap of Tissue

Sir / The outcry over experimentation on aborted human fetuses [July 30], which by the fact of having been aborted are not considered to be human beings, strikes me as ridiculous. If our society has decided that a human fetus is no more than a scrap of tissue attached to a woman's body, and therefore sanctions its removal at her whim, then surely it is foolish to become outraged by experiments performed on it, any more than it makes sense to become outraged about an experiment performed on an excised tumor.

If the amount of "humanity" possessed by a fetus is sufficient to ban experiments on it, why isn't it sufficient to prevent its being killed at all?

DEBORAH DAHL
Springfield, Ill.

Rampant Inflation

Sir / I'm pretty weary of having the finger of accusation pointed at our President for being the cause of the rampant inflation we are experiencing today [July 30]. I believe it is high time that the blame for our domestic problems be placed where it belongs—not on any one man but on the people of this country. Blame the politicians who are willing to sit and do nothing constructive, just point a finger and say shame. Blame the industrial men who worship profit only—responsibility to the consumer and a quality product be damned—and contrive shortages to further their own ends. Blame the farmers who cry poverty, and the union leaders who use the public to feed their super egos but haven't the true sense of leadership that would allow them to point out to their members the plain fact that when wages go up, prices go up, and they are no better off than before. And blame the housewife who continues to purchase the same

way as she did when there was no inflation.

Until the American public turns the finger away from the office of the President and points it where it belongs, at each one of us for not acting responsibly, until then there is very little hope that the situation will get better very soon.

(MRS.) ANNE E. MIKSELL
Bloomsburg, Pa.

Sir / The hell with Watergate and your constitutional crisis. I have a pocketbook crisis, and it is real.

STEVE PATRICK
Fairport Harbor, Ohio

The Strange Ethic of Sterilization

Sir / Re your article on the sterilization of the mentally retarded [July 23]: liberals in this country, among whom I normally count myself, have evolved a strange and typically guilt-ridden ethic. The middle class must absolutely limit itself to two children. Anything else courts ecological disaster, and somebody ought to do something about it. However, the poor may have as many children as they can bear; any notion to the contrary is insidiously genocidal. And even to raise the issue with respect to the mentally retarded is prima-facie fascism. In what segment of America may we look for a little prudence and some common sense in social ethics?

(THE REV.) DONALD HEINZ
Richmond, Calif.

Sir / Time stated: "Last month, shortly after the drug [Depo-Provera] was banned because of undesirable side effects..."

That statement is false. The facts are as follows: Depo-Provera is prescribed in the U.S. as a useful drug in the palliative treatment of endometrial cancer and certain gynecological conditions, and has also been approved for use as a contraceptive.

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KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine.
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LETTERS

in some 70 other countries. It is under active review by the FDA as an injectable contraceptive for selected patients in the U.S.

CHARLES T. MANGEE
The Upjohn Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Disney's Land

Sir / Because a Disney production fails to exercise the symbolism of Fellini or the graphic horror of Peckinpah, one doesn't summarily relegate that work to the level of cinematic Sugar Pops [July 30]. And that "superclean Main Street" is a damn welcome environmental alternative to Sunset Strip or 42nd Street. Variety is fundamental to healthy "psychic chords," and a strict diet of absolute realism constitutes a ticket to "Psycho-World."

ANDREW CHAPMAN
Mobile, Ala.

Sir / To a country weary of the fantasy of the Watergate Blunderland, it is comforting to realize there exists the reality of Disney World and Disneyland.

JAMES A. MCGRATH
Orlando, Fla.

A Lutheran Pope

Sir / Despite the results of the recent Missouri Synod convention [July 23], I feel confident that there are hundreds of laymen like myself who oppose those proceedings and believe that no one man has the right to force his interpretation of Scripture on an entire church. After all, the right of the individual to study and interpret God's word was one of the points that led Luther to his original break with Rome, and I feel our church has suffered a sad blow by voting a self-styled pope into the presidency.

(MRS.) KATHY PIEHL
Durham, N.C.

Sir / Pastor Precup had better listen more carefully to what Luther said at Worms: "My conscience is captive to the word of God" and to the clear teaching of Scripture. This is precisely the substance of the Missouri Synod decisions at New Orleans.

PROF. JOHN WARWICK MONTGOMERY
University of Strasbourg, France

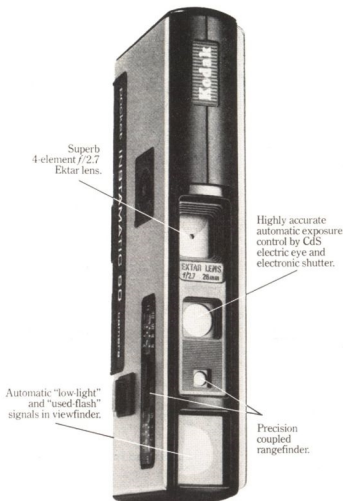
Sir / There's nothing wrong with the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod that a good old-fashioned inquisition won't cure. Only those who believe in the Gospel according to St. Jack will be saved. Tough luck, the rest of you sinners.

RICHARD A. HARTMANN
Pleasant Hill, Calif.

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Watergate's TV Beneficiaries

When the Senate Watergate hearings pre-empted daytime serials last spring, local stations were flooded with protest calls. By last week, when the hearings recessed, viewers were demonstrating a change of heart. In Minneapolis, for example, the switchboard of WCCO-TV blazed indignantly when people tuning in for Watergate found a baseball game instead. Forging ahead of the soaps and game shows, Watergate topped all daytime rivals in the latest Nielsen ratings.

The happiest beneficiaries of Watergate's popularity are Public Broadcast System stations, whose budgets were curbed at White House insistence and whose survival depends on viewer contributions. The nationwide network has received almost \$1.5 million in donations since the hearings began. New York's WNET alone has collected \$245,000, with gifts still pouring in. Said James Karayn, president of the National Public Affairs Center for Public Television, which produced the P.B.S. coverage of Watergate: "Nixon vetoed our bill, cut our funding. Now he's given us our best programming. It's sort of like being reborn."

Overselling the Pentagon

Cost overruns are so familiar by now that they hardly raise eyebrows any more. Indeed, Mark Twain once described a congressional appropriation as nothing more than a nest egg to attract further appropriations. But even the most hardened observers of military-accounting practices could not resist a smile when the General Accounting Office revealed last week that the Pentagon, while proudly remaining within its handsome public-relations budget of \$28 million a year, has actually been spending millions more on such p.r. projects as formation-flying teams, marching bands, military museums and base tours. It estimated the excess spending at \$24.5 million during fiscal 1972, and the outlays have probably not declined since then. Ostensibly aimed at winning the favor of taxpayers and Congress, the public-relations expenditures seem to have had little effect. Two weeks ago the Senate Armed Services Committee slashed \$100 million from the Air Force B-1 bomber budget, \$29.3 million from a Navy request for new ships, and 156,100 troops from active duty rosters. Moreover, the Army

missed its July recruitment goal by 24%. Would the military's public relations be worse if its p.r. spending were kept within its p.r. budget—or, for that matter, reduced to zero? Or would there be no change at all?

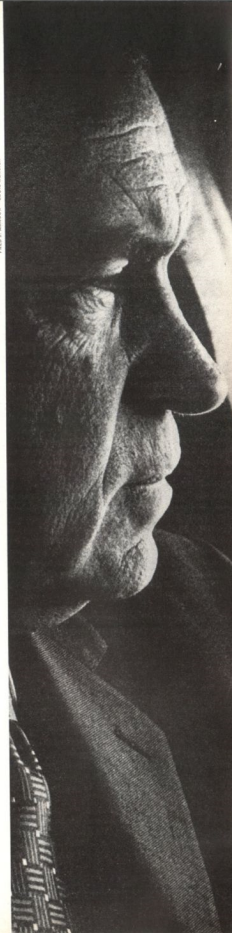
Radical Prophet

Dorothy Day was in jail again last week, and when Dorothy Day goes to jail, it is usually for a cause worth examining. Since her first arrest as a suffragette in 1917, the 75-year-old author-activist has proved herself a prophet of causes that others will eventually join. A redoubtable spokeswoman for pacifism and social reform, she earned an almost annual trip to New York City jails during the '50s for her refusal to participate in compulsory air-raid drills. This time she was arrested, with more than 2,100 Mexican-Americans and members of the Catholic clergy, for demonstrating on the picket lines of the United Farm Workers in violation of court orders. These have been hard times for Cesar Chavez's UFW. His union, caught in a squeeze between the growers and the more powerful Teamsters, has dwindled from 40,000 to 15,000 members. Compromise talks between the two unions broke off in anger. As for Miss Day, in the Fresno jail, she was told she could go free, but she refused to leave until all picketers were released. Instead, she joined a number of her fellow prisoners in fasting.

Stealth and Taxes

The public display of dirty linen, particularly Government linen, sometimes has salutary effects. Intrigued by John Dean's charges that the White House has used the Internal Revenue Service to harass anti-Administration organizations, TIME began checking on the activities of a secret IRS Special Services Group. It disclosed that the special group, set up in 1969 to examine the taxes paid by "extremists," had amassed files on some 3,000 organizations and 8,000 individuals, including prison rioters, draft-card burners and rock-concert fans. Three days after the disclosure, the special group was disbanded. "The IRS will continue to pay close attention to tax rebels," declared Internal Revenue Commissioner Donald C. Alexander, who said the IRS had been studying the matter for two months. "But political or social views, 'extremist' or otherwise, are irrelevant to taxation."

PHOTO BY J. BARNES—JOHN REYNOLDS



Can Public Confidence Be Restored?

Under the solemn oak trees of Camp David, a profoundly troubled man spent much of the weekend walking on quiet paths, looking out over the Catoctin Mountains, and thinking about what to say to a disturbed nation. Observed an aide: "I don't know what he's going to say, or how he is going to say it, soft or hard, pleadingly or abrasively."

For nearly three months, Richard M. Nixon had been battered by the Watergate testimony, charging his Administration with a dismal assortment of misdeeds. He had kept his silence, for the most part, letting it be known that he would have an answer to give once the TV lights were turned off and the Ervin committee went into recess. There was no sure way of assessing the rise and fall in Nixon's fortunes. Earlier, some aides had decided that the worst was over—but then came the story of how Nixon had bugged the White House, and his refusal to release the tapes badly undermined what was left of his credibility. Last week a number of Washington observers again felt that he had weathered the worst accusations against him, and that the recess would bring him time for recovery. As one of his aides remarked: "If you keep a fire under a boiler long enough, pretty soon you boil all the water out, and finally you burn even the bottom of the boiler. I sense that's what has happened with Watergate."

But just as the President seemed about to be given some respite, a new scandal exploded. Vice President Agnew, who had hitherto escaped the taint of Watergate, was officially informed that he was under investigation for allegedly taking kickbacks from contractors. With a mixture of shock and disbelief, many Americans wondered: "Who else? What next?" It was an unprecedented crisis of American leadership, and no one could say whether or when trust in that leadership could ever be restored. It seemed incredible that only a little over a year had passed since Nixon and Agnew had stood at Miami, waving acknowledgment of their renomination, and only a little over six months since they were sworn in for a second term after a triumphant election.

Russian Novel. At first glance, it looked to some as if the new scandal might help Nixon by diverting public attention from Watergate, but that was a short-sighted view. "Watergate is like a Russian novel," commented a top Administration official. "There were too many names. Nobody took any money and people didn't really understand it. Agnew's difficulties are different. Those are charges that people understand." Chances are that people in fact understand Watergate much better than the White House hopes; at any rate, it was

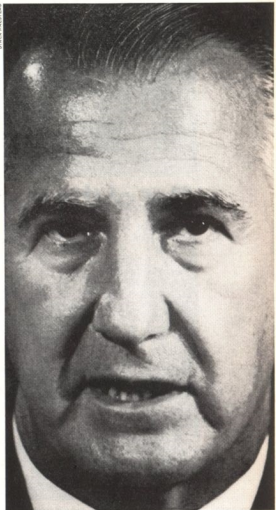
now clear to all that wrong had been done in high office, and that the general atmosphere of suspicion included the Vice President.

Nor was scandal the only burden that weighed on the President. The mood of the country appeared quizzical, skeptical, disenchanted with a government that did not seem to be functioning properly. The economy, in particular, looked hopelessly out of control. Food prices continued to soar beyond expectations of the White House; grain and corn prices reached record highs. The meat shortage was a shock, and with crop shortages predicted into the indefinite future, vegetables, canned fruits, and beans were disappearing from grocery shelves. All this seemed to imply, perhaps unfairly, a massive mismanagement of the nation's energies and resources. If the solutions to the nation's problems were somehow entangled in the mysteries of Watergate, then people seemed to want above all that Nixon end those mysteries, tell all he knew, once and for all.

Glue Unstuck. "There's still some scapegoatism around, people who still make excuses for it all and say everybody's doing it anyway," noted a G.O.P. leader in Massachusetts. "But most Republicans want the President to speak out." Mrs. Cassie Marsh, a secretary for the Detroit public schools, agreed. "Even if it is bad, we want to know. He's going to have to be more reassuring than he has been because there are still going to be a good many people who feel he's trying to cover up."

In a speech to the American Bar Association meeting in Washington, D.C., last week, U.S. Supreme Court Justice Harry Blackmun warned his fellow lawyers of a growing laxness in public life that threatens the survival of the nation. The "pall of Watergate," he said, "with all its revelations of misplaced loyalties, of strange measures of the ethical, of unusual doings in high places, and by lawyer after lawyer after lawyer, is upon us. The very glue of our ship of state seems about to become unstuck. There is a resultant fear of consequent grave damage to the democratic process of which we have been so proud, and in which we firmly have believed and which we have proclaimed to the world. Seemingly, there is an environment of diffuse but broad taint and corruption in our public life."

Elaborate scenarios of impeachment or resignation were widely discussed. One theory held that Agnew might be forced to resign because of a criminal indictment. Under the provisions of the 25th Amendment, Nixon would then pick a successor, to be approved by a majority in both houses of Congress. The Vice President could be



A COMBATIVE AGNEW
Who else? What next?

a Republican acceptable to the country at large—a Nelson Rockefeller, perhaps, or a John Connally or even, some admirers think, a Howard Baker. If a new Vice President were installed, Nixon himself would be under greater pressure to resign so that the country could put Watergate behind it and get down to business again.

But the majority of people still shied away from talk of removing the President from office. "Impeachment is the political equivalent of capital punishment," said a leading Democrat, "and so far the American people don't favor capital punishment for the President." The Boston *Globe* editorialized: "It may be that Mr. Nixon is banking on what social psychologists call the threshold beyond which the body politic cannot go in thinking ill of its

THE NATION

leadership or itself. It may be that a 'He's-the-only-President-we've-got' syndrome is beginning to develop."

Whether Nixon would seize the occasion of his speech to reassure the country and rebuild confidence was unpredictable. Some of his top advisers have urged him to make a dramatic change of course. Instead of striking out at his accusers, as the instincts of an old political gutfighter told him to do, they proposed that he shoulder his share of blame for Watergate, ask for absolution, and promise to do better in the future. They were heartened by the fact that Raymond Price accompanied the President on an evening cruise on the Potomac last week and then followed him to Camp David. The ablest of the President's speechwriters, Price is

known to favor a conciliatory approach.

But the hard-lining Nixon also emerged last week, when he took his toughest stand to date on the question of releasing the Watergate tapes. In a brief filed with the U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C., he announced that he might not give up the tapes even if the court ordered him to do so. "The President," the brief declared, "is answerable to the Nation but not to the courts."

More withdrawn than at any other time since he became President, Nixon has been keeping his intentions to himself. Though the President's legal advisers—J. Fred Buzhardt and Leonard Garment—were instructed to prepare a White Paper rebutting the serious charges made against the President in

the Senate hearings, they did not know when Nixon planned to release it or under what circumstances. The precise format for the President's speech this week on nationwide television was also undecided. While Nixon had promised a press conference in the near future, the date for that too was a matter of speculation, even though it has been five months since his last one.

The President clearly needs to make the political speech of his life this week. Possibly, he may be guided by Agnew's performance. Rather than take refuge in silence and aloofness as Nixon has done on Watergate, the Vice President met the attack against him head-on. The President has a still greater opportunity to restore confidence in himself and in the U.S. Government.

Out of the Past: The Agnew Case

Throughout the months of the Watergate hearings, Spiro T. Agnew had been artfully staying on the sidelines. He played a lot of golf at Burning Tree and a lot of tennis at the Linden Hill Club. He bought himself a new twelve-room house in Bethesda, Md., for \$190,000, and the Secret Service installed the usual safety devices (an electronic-eyed brick-and-redwood fence for \$39,000). His last major speech was in June, and his main official work consisted of playing host to state visitors. In short, even by vice-presidential standards, Agnew was keeping a low profile. His object: to keep himself apart from the White House scandals until he could emerge as the unscathed, untarnished presidential candidate of 1976. Or even, perhaps, as the constitutionally designated successor to a departed President Nixon.

Last week, he had to announce to a stunned public: "I am under investigation for possible violation of the crim-

inal statutes." Specifically, the inquiry centers on allegations by Maryland contractors and others that Agnew collected payoffs during his terms as Baltimore County executive (1962-66), as Maryland Governor (1967-68), and even as Vice President. He faces possible charges of extortion, bribery, tax evasion and conspiracy.

Although he first vowed to maintain silence until the investigation was completed, Agnew quickly changed his mind after aides convinced him that such a silence would be politically disastrous. In marked contrast to Nixon, Agnew called a press conference to deny any wrongdoing. Looking confident and totally in command during 30 minutes of televised questioning, the Vice President branded a set of newspaper reports that he had once accepted \$1,000 a week in illegal funds as "damned lies." He said that he had "absolutely not" accepted money for personal use from Maryland contractors

and that "I have nothing to hide" in the way of finances. As for the possibility of being forced to resign over the matter, Agnew replied that he had given it no thought. He had "no expectation of being indicted" and thus had not even begun any "contingent thinking" about what would happen if he were.

There was little doubt that Agnew's bravura performance won him sympathy and support. Nevertheless, "contingent thinking" was the order of the day in Washington. Were Agnew's chances for a presidential bid shattered? Probably—unless he is cleared and cleared soon. But if he is found blameless, might he not turn into a ready-made "reform" candidate for the Republicans in 1976? On the other hand, if Agnew is indicted, will Nixon not be compelled to demand his resignation? If so, would Nixon then replace him with a docile party-liner or with a major political figure? And if the latter, would Nixon sud-



THE SPIRO SPORT WATCH



AGNEW TAKING OATH OF OFFICE FOR HIS SECOND TERM AS VICE PRESIDENT LAST JANUARY

denly find himself with a No. 2 man who possessed more stature than No. 1, thereby increasing the pressure for his own resignation?

It was perhaps symptomatic of the nation's gathering political paranoia that many felt a faint suspicion that Agnew was somehow being played with in the strategy of a bigger—and hidden—power game. Some improbable "they"—the Democrats, enemies in the White House or whoever—were after him.

One thing was certain: the President and the Vice President of the U.S. were dealing with one another in a spirit of high wariness. In response to repeated questioning from newsmen, White House officials declined to issue an unequivocal statement of presidential support for Agnew—the sort that Agnew has recently been asked to make, and has made, on behalf of Nixon. The most that Deputy White House Press Secretary Gerald Warren could produce was a lame assurance that there was "no reason for the President to change his attitude about the Vice President." Agnew claimed that he had received private reassurances from Nixon in a 1½-hour session with the President—their first one-to-one meeting in more than three months. But he stressed that "the office of Vice President is an important enough one that the man has to stand on his own feet."

Both men are in tricky legal territory. Agnew has been "invited" to turn over his financial records from 1967 to the present (in addition, authorities subpoenaed his records as Governor of Maryland). Agnew said that he was willing to submit personal material—as well as "my own body, for interrogation"—"at the appropriate time, in the appropriate way, to the appropriate parties." However, he said, his attorneys had not yet decided on precisely what would be appropriate.

Agnew was accorded a delay (at least until late this week) on the deadline originally specified for his submis-



EN ROUTE TO HIS INAUGURATION AS MARYLAND GOVERNOR IN 1967

Even by vice-presidential standards, the profile was low.

sion of evidence, and it is possible that the White House is trying to keep him from making any legal move that would undercut Nixon's extensive claims of Executive privilege.

Agnew said that he first became aware of his involvement in the probe last February, when he heard rumors on "the cocktail circuit" that his name had been mentioned by Marylanders being questioned by George Beall, the tough young (35) Republican serving as U.S. Attorney in the Vice President's home state.

After hearing further feedback suggesting that he was trying to put an end to the investigation, Agnew said, he hired Washington Lawyer Judah Best, ordering him to make contact with Beall and assure him that the Vice President had no intention of interfering in the case. On Aug. 1, Beall formally noti-

fied the Vice President, with the approval of Attorney General Elliot Richardson, that he was under investigation by the grand jury.

The investigation was started by Beall in January. The brother of Maryland Senator J. Glenn Beall Jr. and a member of a distinguished political family, the prosecutor had pursued an activist course since his appointment by President Nixon in 1970. He vigorously harried owners of clip joints along "the Block," Baltimore's notorious bar district, and helped prepare the case against Arthur Bremer, now serving a 63-year sentence for the attempted assassination of George Wallace.

Maryland's always prodigious political yarn spinners, who gather over piquant crab imperial at Baltimore's Chesapeake Inn or Karson's, have come up with any number of secret motives



U.S. ATTORNEY GEORGE BEALL
An activist course.

behind Beall's latest probe. For one thing, Agnew kept Beall on a string for some time before finally acquiescing in his appointment, apparently in retaliation for Beall's refusal to give Agnew carte blanche with his 1968 G.O.P. Convention vote.

Still, there seems no special reason to doubt the most obvious motive be-

hind the investigation: Beall became convinced that big Maryland building projects, which had been controlled by Democrats for several years, were riddled with corruption. Thus, in early January, he issued a set of sweeping subpoenas demanding several tons of county records, and later announced to a grand jury the opening of a probe into "contract-purchase irregularities." As the investigation widened, it was apparent that major state political figures were involved. Among them:

► William E. Fornoff, 56, the blustery, barrel-chested former administrative officer of Baltimore County, a post he held under both Agnew and his Democratic successor as county executive, Dale Anderson. In June, Fornoff pleaded guilty to a charge of "impeding the enforcement" of federal tax laws, admitting that he frequently delivered quantities of cash to "a public official." In a strategy similar to that of Judge Sirica after the Watergate trial, Federal Judge Alexander Harvey II has delayed sentencing Fornoff, presumably so that he will cooperate fully with Beall in the investigation.

► Dale Anderson, 56, whose relationships with contractors are under intense inquiry by Beall. He has denied that he was the unnamed "public official" cited by Fornoff.

► Jerome Wolff, 55, president of Greiner Environmental Systems, Inc., an affiliate of J.E. Greiner Co. Inc., one of Maryland's biggest construction consulting firms. Wolff was named chairman of the Maryland roads commission by Agnew in 1966 and later (1969-70) went to Washington as an assistant to the Vice President on scientific matters.

► Harry W. Rodgers III, a prominent Maryland land developer and longtime political fund raiser. Described by associates as "everybody's pal," Rodgers supported the Democratic candidate for President in 1964 and 1968, then joined Democrats for Nixon last year. TIME has learned that the Justice Department considered prosecuting him for a possibly illegal campaign contribution in 1972. Rodgers promptly made these difficulties known to the White House, where W. Richard Howard, an assistant to then Presidential Counsel Charles W. Colson, fired off a memo to John Dean asking him to go to bat for Rodgers at the Justice Department. Rodgers was never prosecuted. He is currently recuperating from a heart attack at Southwind, his estate on Maryland's Eastern Shore, but expects to be subpoenaed in the Agnew investigation soon.

► I.H. ("Bud") Hammerman II, head of a large Baltimore mortgage

Can Nixon and Agnew be Tried?

The President is . . . not above the law. He is liable to prosecution and punishment in the ordinary course of law for crimes he has committed, but only after he has been impeached, convicted and removed from office.

So reasoned President Nixon's attorneys in arguing last week that the Chief Executive need not give tape recordings of White House conversations to Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox, not even if they contain evidence of a crime. That argument, along with the disclosure that Vice President Agnew was being investigated by a federal grand jury looking into bribery, extortion and conspiracy, prompted legal experts to debate two questions: 1) Is the President's argument that he is immune from prosecution sound? 2) If so, could it be used by Agnew?

No President has ever taken such an extreme position on immunity, but as Chicago Law Professor Philip Kurland points out, none before Nixon has faced the possibility of criminal prosecution. Nor does the Constitution specifically deal with the question.

Nonetheless, several experts interviewed by TIME believe the President's lawyers are on sound legal ground. Explains Yale Professor Alexander M. Bickel: "The President embodies the continuity of the state. The Constitution assumes that there is no moment when

a President is not capable of acting." Since to prosecute or jail a President would break that continuity, Bickel argues that impeachment must come first.

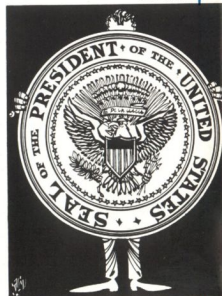
Not all experts share Bickel's opinion. Columbia Law Professor Albert J. Rosenthal argues that a President kept by a trial from performing his duties could be temporarily removed from office as provided by the 25th Amendment. Further, Harvard Law Professor Raoul Berger suggests in his book, *Impeachment: The Constitutional Problems*, that the Constitution's double-jeopardy clause might preclude prosecution for the same acts that caused a President to be removed from office.

There was even less agreement on whether a presidential immunity from prosecution applies to a Vice President. Although three previous Vice Presidents (Aaron Burr, John C. Calhoun and Schuyler Colfax) were threatened with criminal charges, none was either brought to trial or impeached, so there are no clear precedents. Kurland believes that since only the President is indispensable, only he enjoys the privilege of immunity. According to the Constitution, the Vice President's sole duty is to preside over the Senate—and to be ready to succeed the President if necessary. But Bickel argues that immunity also applies to the Vice President. He explains: "If he is indictable and can be sent to jail, he is incapable

of providing the necessary continuity."

On one point, however, Agnew's situation may be clearly different from the President's. Explains Harvard Professor Alan Dershowitz: "He is not being investigated as a Vice President but as a Governor and a private citizen, and there is no special immunity there."

DARCY-BREWSTER



"I would like to talk to you tonight on the Watergate affair . . ."

banking and real estate organization and a longtime supporter of both Agnew and Nixon.

► Lester Matz, 49, partner in Matz, Childs and Associates, another Maryland construction consulting firm, and a contributor to Agnew's campaigns.

TIME has learned that at least two of Beall's witnesses, Wolff and Matz, have accused Agnew of extorting campaign contributions from state and federal contractors in Maryland. Sources close to the investigation said that some of the rake-off methods were quite sophisticated, including one plan in which contractors favored with government business awarded fake bonuses to employees in the know, always being careful to deduct the proper withholding taxes, and then scooped them back for secret donations to politicians. The con-

BALTIMORE SUBPENSERS



JEROME WOLFF

The subpoenaed records totaled several tons.

negotiating process. One such contractor with impeccably bipartisan connections is, of course, Rodgers, whose firms began doing business with the Federal Government under Lyndon Johnson and prospered even more under Nixon. Since 1967, Rodgers' companies have received a total of \$19.6 million from the GSA, and last year they collected \$5.7 million; some of his leases run until 1991. Rodgers has told TIME, however, that none of his dealings has been influenced by his fund-raising efforts for the Nixon Administration.

Since both Wolff and Matz, Agnew's primary accusers, are themselves believed to be deeply involved in the pay-off scandal, they are presumably being forced by the Government into the position of being "willing to give up Agnew to save themselves," as one ob-



WILLIAM E. FORNOFF

server bluntly put it. Wolff was said to be especially anxious to make a deal and avoid being forced to testify under limited, or so-called "use" immunity.

Agnew argued that the credibility of such witnesses is open to serious question. "These accusations," he said, "are coming from those who have found themselves in very deep trouble and are seeking to extricate themselves from this trouble and are flirting with the idea that they can obtain immunity or reduced charges, perhaps, by doing so." Moreover, according to an observer familiar with the investigation, the Government's case "is based principally, up to now, on the witnesses' testimony." If the case should ever go to trial in that form—one man's word against that of two others—a Vice President of the U.S. would almost certainly appear to a jury more believable than his accusers.

Still, when questioned closely about his past relations with state and federal contractors, Agnew did not repeat the sweeping denials that he employed during most of his news conference. "Anyone that's been around the politi-

cal scene in the United States who would expect that campaign contributions don't come from contractors doing business with the state and Federal Government is quite naive," he said. At another point, he implied that contractors had contributed to his own campaign chest and that he allowed them "access" to "consult" with him. Certainly none of that adds up to extortion or any other crime, but voters would have to be naive indeed to believe that politicians and contractors do not need each other for more than consultations. Agnew boasted, however, that he had nothing to hide and had made regular financial statements to



BALTIMORE COUNTY EXECUTIVE ANDERSON
Rumors on the cocktail circuit.

the public. His last one, in 1972, showed assets of \$198,250—up a smart 79% over four years earlier.

Being a Vice President has its perquisites—Air Force jets and limousines for vacations with rich friends. Last week, having stated his defense and won widespread praises for doing so, Agnew reverted to his sporty ways. He jetted out of sweltering Washington for a weekend of golf and swimming at Frank Sinatra's palatial estate in Palm Springs, Calif.

The life-style of the nation's No. 2 elected official could drastically change if he is drawn into a bruising court battle. Agnew demonstrated last week that he is anything but whipped by that prospect. Nevertheless, along with almost everyone else in the Nixon Administration, Agnew is very much on the defensive—not proved guilty but possibly less than innocent.



SENATOR SAM ERVIN, GAVEL IN HAND, STANDING ALONE AT COMMITTEE TABLE AFTER LAST SESSION OF HEARINGS BEFORE SUMMER RECESS

THE HEARINGS

Witnesses to a Spreading Stain

Sam Ervin pounded his gavel for the last time at 4:45 in the afternoon and then, after a round of handshakes and picture taking, he took the gavel with him as he departed for a surprise party to celebrate Herman E. Talmadge's 60th birthday. After 37 days, 33 witnesses, 7,573 pages of transcript and nearly 2,000,000 words of testimony, just about everybody felt it was time for a rest.

In its final week before the month-long recess, the committee heard testimony from three men who, until a few months ago, were the nation's top law-enforcement officers. The three had been charged with investigating the Watergate case; and yet, in the crucial six weeks last spring when the case was breaking open, they found that they were repeatedly being manipulated by the White House.

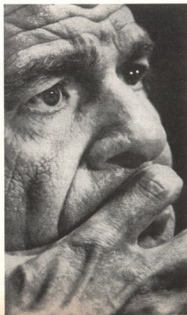
The critical period began on March 20, when Watergate Defendant James W. McCord Jr. wrote a letter to Federal District Judge John J. Sirica charging that political pressure had been exerted upon the seven defendants to plead guilty. By the time it ended, with President Nixon's television announcement on April 30 of the resignation of John D. Ehrlichman and H.R. Halde- man, 17 present or former Nixon staffers were under investigation by the Justice Department and a federal grand jury.

Last week's first witness was L. Patrick Gray III, the former acting director of the FBI, who appeared a pathetic figure as he described how, in 26 years of service in the U.S. Navy, he had been taught to say "Aye, aye, sir." Gray was asked about his earlier account of a tele-

phone call to Nixon on July 6, 1972, in which he had warned that certain White House aides were trying to "mortally wound" the President by interfering with the FBI and the CIA (TIME Aug. 13). To this astonishing assertion, Nixon merely replied: "Pat, you just continue to conduct your aggressive and thorough investigation." Had Gray been surprised by this curious retort? "Frankly," he said, "I expected the President to ask me some questions." Indeed, he waited for two weeks to answer the questions that were never asked, and then, when he heard nothing further from the President, he concluded that he had been an "alarmist."

Eight months later, Gray recalled, Nixon telephoned him to offer encouragement concerning Gray's difficulty in obtaining Senate confirmation as permanent FBI director. What struck Gray as "eerie" about the conversation was the way the President pointedly said: "Pat, remember, I told you to conduct a thorough and aggressive investiga-

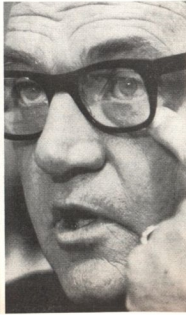
HENRY E. PETERSEN



RICHARD G. KLEINDIENST



L. PATRICK GRAY III



tion." To Gray, who knew nothing at the time about Nixon's practice of tape-recording his own conversations, it seemed to be some sort of attempt to put the comment on record.

On April 26, Nixon let it be known that he was "concerned" about the reports that Gray had burned Watergate documents that had been given to him by Ehrlichman and John W. Dean III. Gray decided the next day that he should resign. "I said early in the game," Gray told the committee, "that Watergate would be a spreading stain that would tarnish everyone with whom it came in contact—and I'm no exception."

No Records. Next to the witness stand came Richard G. Kleindienst, the former Attorney General, and Henry E. Petersen, who is still the Assistant Attorney General in charge of the criminal division. Both men said that they had been dismayed by the amount of White House interference they got on the Watergate case—particularly from John Ehrlichman. Kleindienst recalled how Ehrlichman had telephoned Petersen late last year to demand that Justice Department prosecutors stop trying to "harass" former Secretary of Commerce Maurice H. Stans, the Nixon finance chairman. Kleindienst said he warned Ehrlichman that such intervention could be interpreted as "obstruction of justice." He also threatened to resign. Kleindienst said he told Ehrlichman, "if the President tells me that you have the authority and the power to give specific instructions to people in the Department of Justice." In reply, said Kleindienst, Ehrlichman assured him that "it will never happen again."

Early this year, Kleindienst testified, Ehrlichman came to him seeking "technical" advice about the possibility of lenient sentences or presidential pardons for the Watergate defendants. Ehrlichman "did not have much of a knowledge of the criminal justice system," said Kleindienst, and asked such questions as "What happens when somebody is convicted of a crime? ... When are you eligible for a pardon? When do the circumstances arise for Executive pardon?" (Ehrlichman has denied under oath that he sought a guarantee of Executive clemency for the Watergate defendant E. Howard Hunt Jr.)

Later, when Kleindienst told Petersen of this conversation, Petersen declared that the Watergate defendants were almost certainly going to do "jail time," and said that he would strongly oppose any efforts for clemency. According to Petersen, Kleindienst, who was leaving on a trip, replied: "Tell those crazy guys over there [at the White House] what you just told me before they do something they will be sorry for."

Petersen, a career civil servant and a registered Democrat, was by all odds one of the committee's most refreshing witnesses. What struck him most about his early investigation of the case, he re-

marked, was how suspiciously everybody seemed to act. "There were no records. Things were destroyed. They didn't act like innocent people. Innocent people come in and say: 'Fine, what do you want to know?' It was not like that."

On Sunday, April 15, after going over the case with other Justice Department officials until 5 a.m., Kleindienst and Petersen met with Nixon and told him they believed that ranking officials of both the White House staff and the Committee to Re-elect the President were involved in the conspiracy. The President, as Kleindienst recalled it, was "dumbfounded"; to Petersen he seemed concerned but calm. Kleindienst said that he had "wept" upon learning that his friend and former superior at the

turn up any evidence of presidential involvement, he would not only resign immediately but would "waltz it [the information] over to the House of Representatives"—where impeachment proceedings begin. On April 30, after announcing the resignations of Haldeman and Ehrlichman, Nixon telephoned Petersen to say: "You can tell your wife that the President has done what needed to be done."

Petersen also furnished some additional insight into the President's attitude toward the disclosure that White House "Plumbers" Hunt and Liddy had been involved in the September 1971 burglary of the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Petersen testified that when the subject of Ellsberg—though not specifically the burglary



DAVID A. LOGGIE

PRESIDENT NIXON DURING HIS APRIL 30 TELEVISION ADDRESS TO THE NATION

"You can tell your wife that the President has done what needed to be done."

Justice Department, John N. Mitchell, might have been involved, and that the President himself had consoled him. "I don't think since my mother died when I was a young boy that I ever had an event that has consumed me emotionally with such sorrow," he said, "and he was very considerate of my feelings."

At this meeting, Petersen urged the President to dismiss Ehrlichman and Haldeman because, Petersen said, he was certain that their continued presence on the White House staff would be a "source of vast embarrassment." In stressing the depth of the national concern over Watergate, the blunt-speaking Petersen also mentioned during the same meeting that his own wife, "who is no left-wing kook," had asked him whether he thought the President was involved in the cover-up. Even more pointedly, Petersen told Nixon that if the Justice Department should

—was raised, Nixon replied: "I know about that. That is a national security matter. You stay out of that."

Petersen insisted that he and the Justice Department could and would have solved the entire case. Indeed, he said, it was already 90% solved when Archibald Cox was appointed last May to take over the affair. "Damn it!" cried Petersen. "I resent the appointment of a special prosecutor!"

For the next five weeks, the center of the Watergate controversy will move to federal district court, where both the Ervin committee and Special Prosecutor Cox have filed suit to obtain White House tape-recordings of presidential conversations relating to the case. Six presidential lawyers last week filed a brief rejecting all demands for the tapes. Whatever the outcome, the appeals will probably go to the Supreme Court, perhaps as early as next month.

Watergate I: The Evidence To Date

The huge bulk of the Watergate committee testimony contains so many diversions, evasions, conflicts and lies that the record of what has been learned is still unclear.

There is more to be heard. After a month-long recess Senator Sam Ervin's Select Committee still expects to question seven further witnesses about the Watergate burglary and the subsequent cover-up. Also missing from the record is the potentially (but not necessarily) decisive evidence from the tapes of conversations secretly recorded by the President. Nixon's latest account of the affair, presumably to be given this week, could alter the weight of evidence already before the committee.

Yet the hearing recess provides a fitting opportunity for the Ervin committee staff to begin sifting the testimony in search of tentative conclusions—and perjury. TIME, too, has assessed the evidence to date and, without attempting to indicate individual criminal culpability, offers this analysis:

The 1970 Intelligence Plan

UNDISPUTED FACTS. President Nixon on July 23, 1970, notified four federal intelligence-gathering agencies—the FBI, CIA, National Security Agency and Defense Intelligence Agency—that he had approved a new plan for the use of some previously banned tactics in gathering information on antiwar demonstrators, campus rioters, radical bomb throwers and black extremists. The tactics included breaking and entering, the opening of personal mail and the interception of communication between U.S. residents and foreign points. One of the plan's originators, Nixon Aide Tom Huston, pointed out in a memo that breaking and entering, at least, was “clearly illegal.” The plan was opposed by FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover (for reasons not entirely clear, since the FBI has not been about breaking and entering in espionage cases); his objections were supported by Attorney General John Mitchell.

IN DISPUTE. Nixon said in his May 22 statement that because of Hoover's protests, he rescinded his approval of the plan five days after granting it. He said the plan never went into effect. Neither Mitchell nor John Dean, then White House counsel, could recall seeing orders canceling the plan. No such documents were produced. Questions by Senators indicated some doubts about whether the plan had actually been promptly and completely killed.

WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE. The lack of any evidence that any illegal acts have been carried out by the intelligence agencies seems to indicate that the plan was indeed rescinded. Similar acts, however, were carried out by the White House “plumbers.”

WHAT DID NIXON KNOW? However temporarily, he approved the plan—and thus approved acts that he had been advised would be illegal.

Creation of the Plumbers

UNDISPUTED FACTS. Concerned about leaks of classified Government information to newspapers, especially the Pentagon papers, Nixon in June 1971 created a White House group called the Special Investigations Unit, also known as the plumbers. It was supervised by John Ehrlichman, directed by Egil Krogh and included David Young, E. Howard Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy. Its activities included tapping the phones of officials and newsmen suspected of handling leaked information; burglarizing the office of a psychiatrist consulted by Pentagon Papers Defendant Daniel Ellsberg; investigating Senator Edward Kennedy's Chappaquiddick accident; covertly spitting ITT Lobbyist Dita Beard out of Washington; and fabricating a State Department cable linking the Kennedy Administration with the

assassination of South Viet Nam's President Diem. Two of the plumbers, Liddy and Hunt, later were convicted of wiretapping and burglary at the Watergate.

IN DISPUTE. The President's May 22 statement denied that the plumbers were assigned to do anything illegal. It said that their duties were strictly in the field of national security and, beyond plugging leaks, they were to compile “an accurate record of events related to the Viet Nam War.” Ehrlichman portrayed the plumbers' main purpose as to “stimulate various agencies and departments” in controlling leaks. He rejected suggestions by Senators that the plumbers resembled a secret-police group or that their activity was primarily political.

WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE. The plumber operations described by Mitchell as “White House horrors,” especially the fake Viet Nam cable, the Dita Beard foray, and the Chappaquiddick probe, did not at all fit the Nixon or Ehrlichman descriptions of the plumbers' role. These acts were highly political and had nothing to do with national security.

WHAT DID NIXON KNOW? No witness admitted discussing with Nixon any of these plumber activities except for the burglary of Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office. Yet Nixon created the plumbers to deal with a threat “so grave as to require extraordinary actions,” and he described their work as “highly sensitive.” There is a strong possibility that he kept informed of all plumber activities. If he did not, he should have.

The Ellsberg Burglary

UNDISPUTED FACTS. Nixon on May 22 said he ordered the plumbers to examine Ellsberg's “associates and his motives” because no one knew “what additional national secrets Mr. Ellsberg might disclose.” Directed by Plumbers Hunt and Liddy, a team of burglars paid by the White House broke into the Los Angeles office of Dr. Lewis Fielding in September 1971, in a search for Ellsberg's psychiatric records. (White House Aides Krogh and Young were aware of this burglary in advance.)

IN DISPUTE. Ehrlichman denied authorizing the burglary but admitted approving a memo from Krogh and Young suggesting that “a covert operation be undertaken to examine all the medical files still held by Ellsberg's psychiatrist.” This information was needed, Ehrlichman said, not to prosecute Ellsberg (such evidence would be inadmissible) but to provide more data for a “psychological profile” that the plumbers had asked the CIA to compile; the White House had found the CIA's first such report inadequate. He rejected Senator Lowell Weicker's charge that the aim was to “smear” Ellsberg for political purposes.

WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE. Ehrlichman's admitted approval of a “covert operation” strongly suggests that he gave a go-ahead to the burglary; Young has told the Ervin committee staff that Ehrlichman in fact did so. A memo from Young to Ehrlichman just before the burglary said that “we have already started on a negative press image for Ellsberg” and that if the “present Hunt/Liddy project Number 1 is successful,” there must be a “game plan” for its use. This suggests a move by the White House to smear Ellsberg.

WHAT DID NIXON KNOW? Dean claims that Krogh told him the burglary orders came “right out of the Oval Office.” Ehrlichman, curiously, argued that Nixon would have been within his legal rights in ordering such a burglary. Nixon said he “did not authorize and had no knowledge of any illegal means to be used” to assess Ellsberg's motives. He said he was informed by Attorney General Richard Kleindienst on April 25 that Hunt was involved in the burglary and promptly agreed that the Ellsberg trial judge, Matthew Byrne, must be in-

formed. Yet a White House-supplied log of Nixon-Dean meetings indicates that Dean told Nixon about the burglary more than a month earlier, on March 17. If Nixon was not actually informed of all plumber activities, he was, in this case, remarkably slow in telling the judge.

Overtures to Judge Byrne

UNDISPUTED FACTS. Shortly before the Ellsberg case was expected to go to the jury, Nixon told Ehrlichman to find out whether Judge Byrne would be interested in a possible appointment as FBI director. Ehrlichman twice met briefly in California with the judge to discuss this. Nixon also briefly met him.

IN DISPUTE. Ehrlichman claims that since no formal offer was made and the judge did not object to discussing the matter, the meetings were not improper. He said neither he nor the President intended to influence the Ellsberg case.

WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE. Any approach to a sitting judge by Government officials who have an obvious interest in wanting the Government's case to prevail is wholly improper. If a private citizen made a similar move, he could be prosecuted.

WHAT DID NIXON KNOW? He ordered the contact made.

The Liddy Plans

UNDISPUTED FACTS. After joining the Committee to Re-Elect the President, former Plumber Liddy twice presented extravagant intelligence-gathering plans to Dean, Mitchell and Jeb Stuart Magruder, the Nixon committee deputy, while Mitchell was still Attorney General. The plans, which initially included wiretapping Nixon's Democratic opponents, using call girls to blackmail Democrats at their national convention, and the kidnapping of anti-Nixon radical leaders—all at a cost estimated at \$1,000,000—were rejected each time by Mitchell. Scaled down to concentrate on the wiretapping, the plans were presented again by Magruder at a third meeting with Mitchell at Key Biscayne after Mitchell had resigned from the Justice Department to head the Nixon committee. A Mitchell deputy, Fred LaRue, was present. Besides the Watergate, the wiretapping targets included Democratic convention headquarters at Miami Beach and the headquarters of the eventual Democratic nominee.

IN DISPUTE. Magruder claimed that Mitchell approved the plan at this third meeting. Mitchell claimed he bluntly rejected it. LaRue said he did neither, in his presence, but delayed a decision. Magruder also claimed that Charles Colson, a White House aide at the time, applied pressure on him to get the plan into motion. (Colson has admitted calling Magruder about Hunt's and Liddy's "security activities" but claimed he did not know what they were.) Magruder said he reported Mitchell's approval to Gordon Strachan, an assistant to H.R. Haldeman, so that Haldeman would be informed. Strachan said he included this item in a memo to Haldeman. Haldeman could not recall reading it. Dean said he reported the first two Liddy meetings to Haldeman; the latter said he did not remember this either.

WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE. An intelligence-gathering operation budgeted at \$250,000 and involving such risky and illegal activities as burglary and wiretapping would not have been undertaken on Liddy's authority—especially if Mitchell had flatly rejected it. Nor did Magruder carry that kind of clout. The likelihood is that Mitchell did give some sign of approval. There may also have been White House pressure.

WHAT DID NIXON KNOW? He has forcefully denied any knowledge of the Liddy plans. Dean said that he "assumed" that Haldeman had reported such significant information to the President, but that is highly tenuous. The Ervin committee was given no evidence that anyone told Nixon of the plans.

Destruction of Records

UNDISPUTED FACTS. After the arrests at the Watergate on June 17, 1972, there was an orgy of paper shredding. Liddy quickly destroyed a sheaf of documents from his offices at the Nixon finance committee, presumably related to his political-espionage plans. Magruder similarly ordered his Watergate-related documents destroyed, including reports of intercepted conversations at Democratic headquarters. Strachan went through Haldeman's files and destroyed documents reporting the Liddy plan. Herbert Porter, the Nixon committee's scheduling director, shredded various expense receipts given him by Liddy. Later both Fred LaRue and Herbert Kalmbach, Nixon's personal attorney, destroyed records on the amounts of money they had secretly distributed to the Watergate defendants or their attorneys. Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray burned documents taken from Hunt's safe. Nixon Finance Committee Chairman Maurice Stans, Treasurer Hugh Sloan Jr. and Kalmbach destroyed reports of campaign contributions received before a financing-disclosure law went into effect on April 7, 1972, although this destruction may not have had any direct connection with Watergate.

IN DISPUTE. Just who directed the destruction in each case is unclear. LaRue claimed that Mitchell suggested that Magruder have "a bonfire"; Mitchell denied that. Strachan claimed that Haldeman had suggested cleaning out his files; Haldeman had no such recollection. Porter said he shredded at Liddy's direction (Liddy has talked publicly to no one). Gray said he burned "politically sensitive" papers unrelated to Watergate at the suggestion of Ehrlichman and Dean; Ehrlichman said the papers were given to Gray for safekeeping and to guard against leaks.

WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE. The widespread burning and shredding, regardless of who ordered it, clearly indicates that an almost automatic cover-up of the origins of the Watergate operation began immediately after the break-in was discovered. Destruction of contribution records probably was intended mainly to protect the identity of donors. Yet the elimination of precise records on large amounts of campaign cash also hampered investigators trying to trace Liddy's operating funds.

WHAT DID NIXON KNOW? There is no evidence that he knew anything about this matter. Many of the principals had ample reasons to protect themselves by destroying evidence without informing anyone else.

Misuse of the CIA and FBI

UNDISPUTED FACTS. Shortly after the Watergate arrests, Nixon ordered Haldeman and Ehrlichman to meet with top officials of the CIA. They did so. Later that same day, newly installed Deputy CIA Director Vernon Walters told Gray that FBI attempts to trace money used by the wiretappers through Mexico might interfere with a covert CIA operation there. This slowed the FBI probe. Later Dean asked Walters whether the CIA might provide bail money and support the wiretappers if they were imprisoned. Both Walters and CIA Director Richard Helms decided that the White House was trying "to use" the agency. Walters, after checking further on what the agency was actually doing in Mexico, told Gray that there was no CIA operation in Mexico that could be compromised by the FBI. Gray concluded that there had been an attempt to interfere with the FBI investigation, and he warned the President on July 6, 1972, that "people on your staff are trying to mortally wound you." Nixon asked no questions, but told Gray to continue his investigation.

IN DISPUTE. Haldeman contended that he merely asked the CIA officials to find out whether the CIA had been involved in Watergate and whether they had some operation in Mexico that might be exposed. Both Helms and Walters claimed that Haldeman had introduced the subject as a potential political em-

THE NATION

barrassment, not a security matter. Walters said he was not asked to determine facts, but was told by Haldeman to tell Gray to hold back the FBI's investigation in Mexico.

WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE. This is among the earliest and clearest instances of a White House effort to impede the investigation. The past CIA service of several of the arrested wiretappers made it seem logical at first that the CIA could provide a convenient cover for the Watergate operation, but Helms' instant denials to Haldeman of any CIA involvement promptly squelched any such notion.

WHAT DID NIXON KNOW? Nixon said on May 22 that he had no intention of impeding any Watergate investigation, but was concerned about an FBI probe interfering with matters of national security. If his intent really was only to protect national security secrets, he failed to convey that to Haldeman or, through Ehrlichman, to Dean. As these aides relayed the President's instructions to Gray, Helms and Walters, the White House interest impressed those officials as highly political. The fact that Nixon asked no questions when Gray warned him about his aides' activities suggests that Nixon might well have known what those aides were trying to do.

Executive Clemency

UNDISPUTED FACTS. Dean (through intermediaries John Caulfield and Anthony Ulasewicz) sent word to convicted Wiretapper James McCord that he could expect Executive clemency after perhaps a year in prison if he remained silent about any higher involvement in the burglary. McCord was told that the suggestion was coming "from the very highest levels of the White House." Even before the convicted wiretappers were sentenced, Ehrlichman and Dean asked Attorney General Richard Kleindienst at what point "Executive pardons" could be granted to convicted criminals.

IN DISPUTE. Dean claimed that he transmitted the message to McCord after being told to do so by Mitchell, who had indicated that similar assurances of clemency had been given to Hunt, another convicted wiretapper. Mitchell flatly denied that he had given either Hunt or Dean such assurances. According to Dean, Ehrlichman, apparently after checking with Nixon, also told Colson that assurances of clemency could be given to Hunt. Ehrlichman heatedly denied this. Magruder testified that when he expressed concern about committing perjury about Liddy's assignments for the Nixon committee, Dean and Mitchell told him he could expect clemency, as well as family-support payments, if convicted. Mitchell denied making such a promise.

WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE. Whatever the precise level of authority it came from, word did get to some of the convicted burglars that they could expect to get out of prison after serving relatively short terms if they kept quiet about who had authorized the Watergate crimes.

WHAT DID NIXON KNOW? Executive clemency can only be offered by the President. If Nixon's aides were making such offers, they risked directly implicating him. Dean contended that Nixon told him on March 13 that he had discussed clemency with both Ehrlichman and Colson. Nixon has denied that, as have both Ehrlichman and Colson, and this is one point on which the presidential tapes could prove decisive.

Money for the Wiretappers

UNDISPUTED FACTS. Some \$420,000, taken mainly from Nixon campaign contributions, was distributed covertly to the seven Watergate defendants, their families and lawyers. The deliverymen used telephone booths, storage lockers and other public sites as drops so that the recipients would never see them. One source of money was a \$350,000 White House cash fund that

had been controlled by Haldeman. Roughly half of the money was transmitted by Kalmbach, the other half by LaRue. Dean helped arrange and direct these payments.

IN DISPUTE. Dean claimed that Mitchell, Haldeman and Ehrlichman all approved the payments. Kalmbach testified that Ehrlichman specifically assured him that they were proper, that Dean had authority to direct them and that Kalmbach should continue to carry out Dean's instructions. Both Ehrlichman and Mitchell denied these allegations. Presidential Aide Richard Moore relayed a request from either Haldeman or Ehrlichman (he was not sure which) that Mitchell raise more money for the defendants. Moore said that Mitchell refused. Dean testified that the money was intended to buy the silence of the defendants. Kalmbach and Ehrlichman said it was meant for lawyers' fees or as a "humanitarian" gesture. Haldeman admitted being aware of the payments, but claimed he had not approved any, and said he had made no judgments about their propriety.

WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE. If the White House was not seeking silence and was not trying to conceal the involvement of high officials, it would have been under no obligation to help defendants who had created such a politically embarrassing mess. The surreptitious delivery was strong evidence that all those involved knew it was wrong. The contrary claims seem to be belated efforts to avoid criminal prosecution.

WHAT DID NIXON KNOW? Dean contended that he discussed these payoffs with Nixon, and that the President said it would be "no problem" to raise \$1,000,000 for this purpose. Haldeman, who listened to two tapes of this conversation, claimed that Nixon added a key phrase: "But it would be wrong." Only the tapes themselves can resolve this conflict.

The testimony does not legally prove that the President was an active participant in the cover-up (much less that he ordered or knew about the bugging). The damning testimony to that effect is the testimony of John Dean, which is still uncorroborated at key points. Dean's account has been challenged by Mitchell, Ehrlichman and Haldeman; their own credibility has been assailed in turn by other witnesses.

Although Nixon's involvement in the cover-up is not proved by courtroom standards, by any other rational standard it is extremely difficult to believe that he did not know of it or encourage it. He was warned early of cover-up activities undertaken by his closest aides; he then professed total unawareness for some nine months, despite his position at the apex of a tightly organized reporting system.

Throughout all the internal conflicts and ambiguities in the testimony, an overall pattern seems clear. Unwilling to trust regular agencies of Government to deal with genuine, though exaggerated, threats to domestic order, Nixon approved illegal means to fight them. When those were rejected by self-protecting bureaucrats, he created his own White House squad of undercover operators. They used some of these same illegal tactics against whatever forces the White House considered threatening, whether a Daniel Ellsberg, a Dita Beard or a talkative official. Eventually they were used against the Democrats.

Aside from these specific acts, the Watergate hearings produced evidence of an alarming atmosphere around the President. Whether it was John Ehrlichman's defense of spying on the drinking and sexual habits of politicians, John Dean's advocacy of using agencies of Government to "screw out political enemies," or Bob Haldeman's desire to "put out the story" on Communist money falsely alleged to be supporting Democratic candidates, an amorality prevailed that went well beyond normal standards of politics. It degraded the White House.

There was too the incessant secret taping, most notably by Nixon himself. The untested technicality of Executive privilege to protect the President's tapes, whatever its constitutional merits, seems insufficient cause to withhold evidence that might dispose of some of the accusations against him. Until and unless further evidence or explanations emerge from the President's expected statement, that is where the matter stands.

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Barons on the Ramparts

It has become a government of men fighting for their personal honor and political survival.

There is no personality or cause larger than themselves to hold the Nixon Administration together. It lies exhausted, humiliated and frightened beside the Potomac, a fragmented landscape of individual baronies, each building its own ramparts and reordering its own life. Perhaps the President can put it back together, but the task is immense.

Because Spiro Agnew is the object of criminal inquiries he has been separated more than ever from the Nixon White House operation, if that is possible. Even before the Maryland trouble developed, one White House visitor watched the Vice President and the President in a small social gathering. They shook hands perfunctorily, then sought opposite sides of the room and stayed there. Agnew designed his own tactics in the Maryland case and employed them against the President's wishes. Agnew's frontal response made the President look weaker. Agnew is on his own to survive or die.

In the Justice Department, Attorney General Elliot Richardson is creating his empire with or without White House approval. His new rules of conduct for Justice lawyers were drawn up and instituted by the lawyers themselves. The White House was told, not consulted. The new code requires employees to report sensitive outside contacts. But it allows discourse with members of the press to go unreported. "Whatever stains the integrity of the Department of Justice damages confidence in government itself," said Richardson. "Confidence is as fragile as it is precious, as hard to restore as it is easy to destroy."

Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox, Richardson's creation now so roundly hated by the White House, plans to spend the rest of his professional life pursuing the Nixon Administration's corruption, and his domain already includes 33 attorneys and a \$2.8 million annual budget. The other day, when Cox contemplated the possibility that he could be fired by Nixon, he chuckled and allowed as how the President would have to fire Richardson too and in the current medieval atmosphere that might prove hard to do. Every move and every word of Richardson are scrutinized, and since he still has political ambitions his special world of the Justice Department must be blameless. So far it has been.

Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger has been and is committed to the Nixon defense policies, but there is no indication that he ever was committed to the White House methods of falsification and evasion. His good name is on the line, and suddenly there is a new mood of candor in his domain.

In Foggy Bottom the despair of the State Department personnel is turning into anger. "The foreign policy is going to hell and fast," said one knowledgeable and powerful ambassador. If the leadership is not changed, charged another top diplomat, Foreign Service morale is going to sink even lower. There is a tendency now among many of these men and women not even to look for leadership but to do the best job they can on their own.

By most accounts Henry Kissinger wants to become Secretary of State, thereby moving the spectacular foreign policy achievements that he engineered out of the White House and beyond the poison of Watergate. He is undoubtedly motivated by national concern, but there is too profound concern for the reputation of Henry Kissinger. The same personal concern governs an angry and disillusioned William Rogers, Secretary of State. Determined to protect his good name, he sits astride the State Department sensing the rumblings beneath him and the threats from the White House.

The Treasury's George Shultz is a bundle of uncertainty, trying to uphold the disastrous economic policies that the President implemented, often over Shultz's objections. Behind his eyes is the deep worry of how George Shultz, an honored and respected academician, now appears to the real world.



RICHARDSON & NIXON

THE ADMINISTRATION

Safire Afire

As it apparently must to all men who consider themselves high in the confidence of Richard M. Nixon, the revelation came last week to William Safire, longtime Nixon speechwriter and now a columnist for the *New York Times*, that his phone had been tapped.* It filled him with what he called "restrained fury."

"I did not knock myself loose for Mr. Nixon in 1959 and 1960," he wrote, "and cast my lot with him through the long, arid comeback years of 1965 through 1968 to have him—or some lizard-lidded paranoid acting in his name without his approval—eavesdropping on my conversations."

A matter of national security? "My eye," wrote Safire. "During the 37 days in July and August of 1969 that some agent in earphones was illegally (as the Supreme Court later found) listening to my every word, I was writing the (sh!) President's message on welfare reform."

Safire thinks he may have been tapped because, by White House standards, he was too friendly with the press. He talked freely, if contentiously, with ideological opponents and invited them to his home. Now, with the power of the press behind him, he plans to track down the "lizard-lidded paranoid" who ordered him bugged. Any idea who it might be? "If I wanted to say who it was, I'd say who it was," Safire retorted. "I want to be absolutely sure. I'm on the trail of it." When he finds the culprit, he may write another column with unrestrained fury.

*Safire was one of 17 persons—four newsmen and 13 Government officials—who were subjected to wiretaps between 1969 and 1971 after classified information was leaked to the press. Among those tapped—not all the names are known even today—were several members of Henry Kissinger's National Security Council staff.

STAYERS—CHICAGO TODAY



"Testing, testing, 1,2,3,4..."

HOUSING

Now It's \$10 Million

First the price for fixing up San Clemente was announced as \$39,525. Then, as with some giant roast beef, the figure kept rising. By June, the Administration said that \$703,367 in public funds had been spent to equip the Western White House—plus another \$1,180,522 for the President's home in Key Biscayne, Fla. Last week it made a new public accounting and set the total at nearly \$10 million.

The latest figure included \$5.9 million spent by the military, mainly for communications installations; \$3.7 million by the General Services Administration to set up administrative offices and enhance security in the buildings and on the grounds; and \$300,000 by the Secret Service for equipment, much of it reusable. But the accounting did not include the salaries of personnel stationed at the two houses, nor the extra cost of conducting Government business outside Washington, such as courier airplanes or per diem payments.

Ice Maker. Of the total, San Clemente ate up \$6.1 million, including \$1.7 million for the office complex known as the Western White House and \$550,000 for communications equipment. There were many other expenses listed, some of them only tenuously connected with "security." Among these items were \$998.50 to remove a wrought-iron handrail deemed hazardous and \$1,950 to prune trees and eliminate what the GSA called a "safety hazard caused by dead branches."

Key Biscayne required \$3.2 million, including \$418,000 for a helicopter pad and \$300,000 for communications equipment. Among the other expenses: \$621.50 for an ice maker used by Government employees and \$2,000 for a study of beach erosion. Security expenses elsewhere included \$16,000 for a Secret Service command post and \$168-

000 for military equipment on Grand Cay, the island in the Bahamas owned by Industrialist Robert Abplanalp and frequently used as a retreat by the President.

The White House said that less than 10% of the staggering costs was spent to improve the President's homes (\$68,148 on the house at San Clemente; \$137,482 on the one at Key Biscayne). No comparisons with amounts spent on the homes of earlier Presidents were possible because no such accounting has ever been made. Nonetheless, the Nixon Administration's report did nothing to silence critics like Democratic Representative Jack Brooks, whose subcommittee on Government Operations plans to investigate the spending next month. Muses Brooks: "This is the fourth set of figures they've produced. Maybe we ought to see what Phase V shows."

Amid the controversy, a group of wealthy Californians wanted to show that one improvement at the Western White House—a three-hole, nine-tee golf course built on 2½ acres of scrubland in 1969—was a no-strings-attached gift from a group of Orange County golfing businessmen. One of the organizers, Shopping Center Magnate Oscar W. (Dick) Richard of Newport Beach, Calif., calls the group "76 of the nicest guys in America doing something wonderful for a great President." After a tour of the course, which is generally barred to commoners, TIME Correspondent Leo Janos reported:

Flanked on one side by a panorama of the Pacific Ocean, the graceful symmetry of this immaculately tended course is broken only by clumps of grotesquely gnarled cypress. Behind the 122-yd. third hole stands a solitary wooden bench beneath an enormous royal palm where President Nixon—who seldom plays the course—likes to sit in private tranquility at dusk.

The "members" of this very exclusive organization originally consisted of 76 wealthy weekend golfers (the number was chosen "for patriotic reasons") called "the Golfing Friends of the President." They spent \$75,000—in cash and donated materials—for the links, and published a brochure that uses poetry to describe the course's splendors. It has one artificial water hazard, two sand traps, and spring-hole cups that pop a ball out after it is sunk.

Members contribute \$250 annually for upkeep, including a full-time ground keeper. "We are down to 40 members," laments Executive Committee Member John Cucci, a wealthy Newport Beach



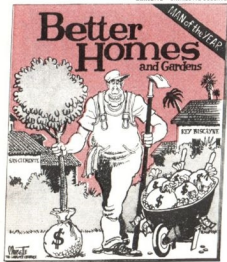
*Popcorn cloud, dressed in blue;
Without crowd . . . I envy you.*

PAGE FROM SAN CLEMENTE GOLF COURSE BROCHURE

real estate investor. "All of this Water-gate stuff has made some people nervous, I guess." Adds Richard: "It's just a shame that such an open, innocent gift as we made should be held in any sort of suspicion. After all, we are all relatively honest businessmen."

At first, President Nixon reacted coolly when the golf course idea was presented to him by Herbert Kalmbach, then his personal attorney. "We pressured the White House," explains Richard. "We just thought it was too good an idea not to be adopted." Finally, Kalmbach reported that the President would accept the gift as long as no man contributed more than \$750 and each signed an agreement that no favors would be expected in exchange.

Least-Used. The group was expanded to include such Nixon admirers as Bob Hope and John Wayne. All the "friends" got in return was an engraved presidential plaque, a personally autographed picture of Nixon, one cocktail party at the Western White House, and unlimited San Clemente golfing rights when the President is not in residence. "It's good for business to take a client out and suggest we hit a few on the President's course," admits one donor. Yet the course may be the least-used links in the country. Its guest book records only 330 visitors—among them David and Julie Eisenhower. Course Designer Gene Stoddard laments that nowadays only three or four members play on it each month. Explains one member: "It's a 45-minute drive from Newport Beach—and in that time you can play six holes on the local course."



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CRIME

The Houston Horrors

In all, I guess there were between 25 and 30 boys killed, and they were buried in three different places. I was present and helped bury many of them but not all of them. ... On the first one at Sam Rayburn [Reservoir] I helped bury him, and then the next one we took to Sam Rayburn. When we got there, Dean and Wayne found that the first one had come to the surface and either a foot or a hand was above the ground. When they buried this one the second time, they put some type of rock sheet on top of him to keep him down.

—David Owen Brooks, in his statement to Texas police.

To the people of Pasadena, Texas, a modest industrial suburb of Houston,

Henley charged that Corll had led the trio in the sexual abuse and systematic killing of teen-age boys throughout the Houston area. From the two boys' stories, police constructed this account:

Brooks may have known Corll as far back as 1960, when Brooks was only five years old; he had lived with Corll intermittently during the past three years. Henley, a junior high school dropout from a broken home, had met Corll several years ago when Corll was managing a Houston candy store. Corll would give candy to young boys and offer them rides on his motorcycle. Henley's mother recalls that on occasion Corll would drive over in a white van with a black couch in the back and gather in ten or twelve youths for a ride.

Corll enlisted Brooks' help in luring youngsters to a series of apartments that Corll rented in the Houston area. Both Brooks and Henley told police that

lice to a boat shed in a secluded section of Houston where Corll had rented a vacant boat stall. It was there, Henley said, that many of the victims would be found. Trusties from a local jail began digging, and within hours they had exhumed eight corpses from a 6-ft.-deep mass grave. All were teen-age boys; some were wrapped in plastic bags, others covered with lime to disguise the stench of decay. The corpses were stacked one above the other, separated only by thin layers of dirt.

The grisly discovery proved to be only the beginning. With the trusties digging through the night—in exchange for time off from their sentences—police detectives donned rubber gloves and began sifting through the dirt for bits of bone, hair, flesh and clothing. Nine more bodies were recovered from the death shed.

Henley and Brooks led police to a second grave site near Sam Rayburn Reservoir, 150 miles northeast of Houston. In a wooded area, four more badly decayed corpses were found in a shallow grave. The two youths next led deputies to still a third burial site at High Island, a tiny beach town on the Gulf Coast, where two victims were unearthed, bringing the total thus far to 23.

As the search for more bodies continued, frightened parents from round the country telephoned the Houston police switchboard, supplying descriptions of lost or runaway children. Police began the difficult task of identifying the victims, drawing on Brooks' and Henley's recollections, analyzing the remains, and sifting through thick files on missing youngsters. More than 5,000 minors are annually reported missing in the Houston area. Because of the decomposition of the bodies, only two positive identifications had been made by week's end, and police were uncertain whether they would ever be able to name all the victims.

Shadowy Figure. In addition to the three grave sites pointed out by Henley and Brooks, police learned from the boatyard manager that Corll had put his name on a waiting list for still another boat stall. Police were looking into the possibility of other burial grounds perhaps unknown to either Brooks or Henley. Ominously, Corll had once told Henley that some of his early victims were in California, and he may have killed before Henley and Brooks became his companions in blood.

So far, Corll remains a shadowy figure to police investigators. An employee of the Houston Power and Light Co., Corll told neighbors that he came from Indiana and served in the Army. Whether those facts were true, and much else about Corll, was yet to be learned as the investigation proceeded.

Brooks was charged with one killing, Henley with two. When asked why he had taken police to the grave sites of their many victims, Henley replied: "I felt I owed it to their parents to let them know what happened to them."



WAYNE HENLEY & DAVID BROOKS

A grisly discovery proved to be only the beginning.



DEAN ALLEN CORLL

Dean Allen Corll was a clean-cut, quiet neighbor who kept pretty much to himself. He seemed to be a "nice, polite man who loved to be around kids," one acquaintance recalled. Last week stunned residents of Pasadena had a different view of the 33-year-old bachelor electrician who had been their neighbor since June. After an all-night party in Corll's two-bedroom frame cottage, he was shot to death with his own gun by 17-year-old Elmer Wayne Henley.

Henley told police that Corll had turned on him and two other youths, threatening to sexually molest and kill them. Instead, Henley said, he had managed to kill Corll in self-defense. He then recounted to Houston police an incredible tale of horror, homosexual sadism and mass murder in which he, Corll and a third accomplice, David Owen Brooks, 18, had taken part during the past three years.

Corll had promised them \$200 for every boy they brought. Henley claims that he "sat on the offer for about a year" before finally agreeing 18 months ago; Henley said he was paid only the first time for his procuring efforts.

Many of their finds were hitchhikers whom they picked up. They would invite the youths to Corll's home for "parties" of paint and glue sniffing. There the victims would be handcuffed to a specially constructed plywood board, sexually abused, and finally strangled or shot with Corll's .22-cal. pistol.

Henley confessed to having been an active participant in at least some of the murders. The day after Henley's confession, Brooks turned himself in. He denied killing anyone, but admitted to enticing boys to Corll's home, witnessing murders, and later disposing of bodies.

To prove his story, Henley led po-

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- ☐ A. 2% ☐ B. 5% ☐ C. 10%



2. You waste gasoline if your tires are improperly inflated. But do you know which causes poorer mileage, overinflated tires or underinflated tires?

- ☐ A. Overinflated ☐ B. Underinflated



3. The kind of oil you use can affect engine performance, too. Do you know under what conditions it pays to use a premium motor oil like Havoline Super Premium?

- ☐ A. High-speed driving
☐ B. Hot-weather driving
☐ C. Stop-and-go driving



4. Jackrabbit starts eat up a lot more gasoline than slow-and-easy ones. But do you have any idea how many miles per gallon jackrabbit starts can cost you on the average?

- ☐ A. 1 mpg
☐ B. 2 mpg
☐ C. 4 mpg



5. If you have a standard shift, you can save gasoline by getting into high as quickly as possible. How much more gasoline do you think you use if you race along in 2nd rather than shifting into high gear?

- ☐ A. Up to 30%
☐ B. Up to 45%
☐ C. Up to 60%



6. A car that's not properly tuned-up is simply not using gasoline efficiently. About how much gasoline do you think it wastes?

- ☐ A. Up to 4%
☐ B. Up to 8%
☐ C. Up to 12%



Answers:

1. C 2. B 3. All three: A, B, C 4. B 5. B 6. B



CAMBODIA

Desperate Days for Besieged Phnom-Penh

"I saw one stick of bombs through the town, but it was no great disaster."

—Colonel David H.E. Opfer
U.S. air attaché in Cambodia

That was the official American account of the damage inflicted after a B-52 Stratofortress last week mistakenly emptied its 20-ton load on Neak Luong, 38 miles southeast of Phnom-Penh. But when reporters later visited Neak Luong, a sleepy town of 5,000, they wondered whether they and Colonel Opfer were talking about the same place. Instead of "minimal" damage, as Opfer had described it, they found horrifying devastation—enough to make it the worst bombing error of the long Indochina war. At least 137 Cambodians were killed and 268 wounded. A mile-long string of more than 30 craters, running down the main street, had completely wiped out one-third of Neak Luong and heavily damaged another third. Thatch and wood shacks occupied by 3,000 soldiers and marines and their families were wiped out. The marketplace was destroyed. Even two-story steel-reinforced concrete buildings were shattered.

Gruesome Debris. The impact from the American bombs, and from the government ammunition dumps ignited by them, strewn a gruesome debris of human limbs and bloody bedding all over the town. For acres, trees were denuded and charred. Days later, survivors still searched the rubble for missing family members. Many turned up in Phnom-Penh's overcrowded hospitals with arms and legs missing, puzzled as to why the U.S. had bombed them. A woman whose family had been wounded kept asking, "Why do the

Americans want to continue the war?" A marine whose young son had been killed moaned: "I don't have anything anymore. I am finished."

This bombing error, and two others committed during the week, came less than two weeks before the congressionally imposed Aug. 15 cut-off of all American military activity in Indochina takes effect—giving the impression that the U.S. was desperate to get in as much bombing as possible in the remaining days. In an attempt to prop up the faltering Lon Nol regime, B-52 flights over Cambodia have increased from 40 daily sorties to 49. Supplies such as T-28 propeller-driven fighter planes, ammunition, cargo planes, howitzers and armored personnel carriers are being rushed to Lon Nol's army.

BANDAGED VICTIM OF U.S. ERROR



Despite the incessant American aerial barrage, the Khmer insurgents continue to gain ground—battering Lon Nol's forces at will. Deftly applying pressure first on one major highway leading to the capital and then switching to another, the insurgents have kept the government's forces off balance. In fighting creeping ever nearer to Phnom-Penh, the rebels have inflicted 800 to 1,200 casualties weekly upon government troops. The heavy casualties have diluted Lon Nol's units; the four battalions guarding the bridge at Prek Ho now each contain about 120 men, instead of their normal strength of at least 400. Morale is low. Coming under attack last week, the 100-man government force defending Cambodia's only international radio transmitting station near Phnom-Penh threw down their arms and scattered. Inside the capital the insurgents' clandestine radio constantly brags that the day of "liberation" is approaching, fueling rumors that more than 1,000 rebel agents are already within the city.

Waiting Game. No one is ready to predict what the insurgents—inside and outside Phnom-Penh—will do next. The initiative is all theirs, military observers agree, and they have a range of options: they could launch a frontal attack on the capital, or cause a slow strangulation by cutting off its supplies, or even stage a Tet-like uprising from within. Although Lon Nol has 75,000 troops in and around Phnom-Penh (with insurgent forces estimated at 20,000), fewer than 12,000 are regarded as battle effective. Thousands of others perform headquarters tasks or serve as bodyguards for Lon Nol and other military and political officials. Therefore a sig-

SURVIVOR WEeping FOR HIS DEAD WIFE



SEARCHING THE RUINS OF NEAK LUONG



More Revelations on Bombing

While bombs fell in the wrong places, the dubious beginnings of U.S. military activities in Cambodia were being laid bare in Washington. Former Defense Secretary Melvin R. Laird has insisted for three weeks that he never ordered falsification of any documents to hide U.S. air and ground activities in Cambodia and Laos in 1969 and 1970. Last week, however, that flat denial apparently became inoperative. The Senate Armed Services Committee, which has been investigating what is being called "the Cambodian cover-up," released a top-secret 1969 memorandum, which showed that Laird had approved falsified reporting to hide bombing raids.

Dated Nov. 20, 1969, some seven months after the clandestine bombing began, the memorandum came from General Earle G. Wheeler, then Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and was initiated by Laird. It recommended that a 41-plane force of B-52s strike targets inside Cambodia while other B-52s bombed cover targets in South Viet Nam and Laos. The memorandum added: "Strikes on these latter targets will provide a resemblance to normal operations, thereby providing a credible story for replies to press inquiries." Despite the memorandum, Laird still insisted that he had not authorized any falsification—just a special reporting procedure for the secret bombing.

The memorandum was the closest the committee has yet come during its month of hearings to pinning down who authorized the secret "double entry" reporting technique used by the Administration to hide the raids from the American people and Congress. Previous testimony established that B-52s had dropped more than 100,000 tons of bombs in 3,630 unreported missions onto suspected North Vietnamese sanctuaries in Cambodia during 14 months in 1969 and 1970. Last week, before adjourning until fall, the hearings turned up these other military activities in Southeast Asia, which hitherto had been kept secret:

► Communist hospitals were routine targets. Former Air Force Captain Gerald J. Greven, a forward air controller in Viet Nam in 1969, testified that hospitals were on lists of targets that he used to direct air strikes. The Air Force denied Greven's allegations, but former Army Intelligence Specialist Allan Stevenson told the committee that North Vietnamese hospitals had third priority for U.S. bombers, behind fixed installations and troop concentrations. He explained that hospitals were "legitimate and desirable targets" because they usually were centers for large numbers of troops, as well as headquarters and underground tunnel systems.

► Not only B-52s but tactical fighter-bombers as well raided deep into Cambodia in 1970 and 1971. Former

Air Force Captain George R. Moses testified that he was told to falsify tactical strikes by fighter-bombers inside Cambodia soon after the April 1970 incursion by U.S. and South Vietnamese forces. Previously, Wheeler had said that such attacks were limited to 30 miles from the border, but Moses told the committee that some strikes were as much as 100 miles inside Cambodia. He testified that the clandestine tactical strikes continued for eleven months after the U.S. invasion of Cambodia was supposed to have ended.

► U.S. troops were operating on the ground in Cambodia and Laos as early as 1966 and continued until at least April 1972. In 1971, testified former Sergeant Thomas J. Marzullo, "at the time the President said there were no



FORMER DEFENSE SECRETARY LAIRD

Americans in Laos, we had two teams of men inserted on the ground."

At the same time that the committee was hearing new revelations of secret U.S. military activities, critics were energetically trying—and failing—to get the U.S. bombing of Cambodia declared illegal. In Boston, Federal Judge Joseph Tauro dismissed an anti-bombing suit brought by four Congressmen on the ground that the court had no jurisdiction. Similarly, the Second Circuit Court of Appeals in New York City overturned a lower judge's ruling of July 25 that the bombing was "unauthorized and unlawful" and must be stopped. That suit had been brought by Representative Elizabeth Holtzman and four Air Force officers. Last week Chief Justice Warren Burger refused to call a special session of the Supreme Court to hear the case, meaning that the bombing could continue until the Tuesday-midnight deadline.

nificant counterthrust by the government remains out of the question. All the regime seems capable of doing is waiting to see what the insurgents will spring after the bombing ends.

Even the U.S. embassy, once the font of optimism in Phnom-Penh, is now playing a waiting game. It no longer talks of reform governments, reorganization of the army, or bright new pacification measures. Gone too is the hint that substantive negotiations are under way. In fact, U.S. sources now openly worry whether the Lon Nol regime can survive the ending of U.S. bombing this week. If in the weeks ahead it does manage to survive, then the insurgents might be tempted to start negotiations. But for the moment Cambodia's existence depends on the force of arms.

TERRORISM

The Wrong Passengers

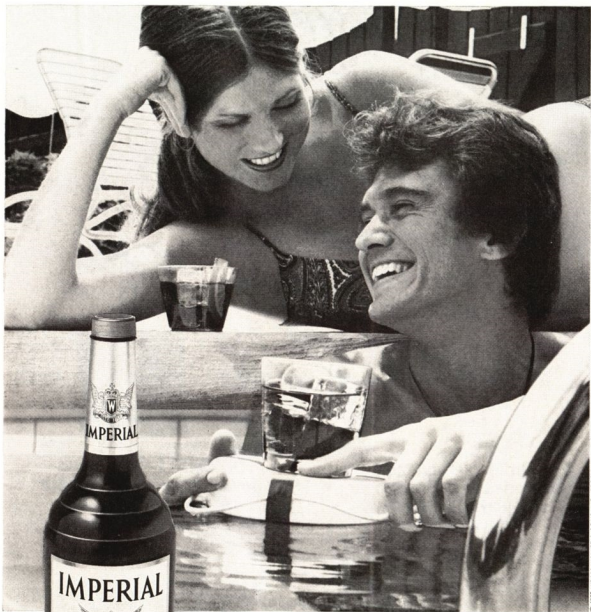
It was a cloudless evening late last week when Iraqi Airways Flight 006 lifted off from Beirut International Airport bound for Baghdad. Aboard the Caravelle jet were 74 passengers and eight crew members, none expecting much more than a smooth hop to the Iraqi capital. Suddenly, Israeli Phantom jets pounced, ordering the helpless captain to fly instead to a military airbase near Haifa. He obeyed. As he told Beirut Control: "I don't want a repeat of the Libyan thing," in which Israeli jets last February shot down a Libyan airliner over the Sinai, killing 108 of the 113 aboard, after the captain refused orders to land. Within minutes, the Caravelle was down in Israel, where a carefully prepared team of interrogators awaited the arrivals.

After the plane landed, recalled one passenger, the doors burst open and Israeli troops boarded. They ordered the passengers to put their hands over their heads and exit one at a time, men first, and proceed to a small hall for questioning. When the grilling was over and the Israelis were satisfied no commandos were onboard, refreshments were passed around. "Every one of them spoke Arabic," marveled one woman. "It was amazing." Apparently she had never heard of Oriental Jews.

Evidently, the Israelis had hoped to bag Dr. George Habash and three aides in the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, whom Israeli intelligence believed were on the flight. They were not. After carefully interrogating everyone aboard, the Israelis allowed them to reboard, and the Caravelle returned to Beirut less than three hours after taking off. Among the passengers were the Iraqi Planning Minister and an Iraqi ambassador, who were treated with proper diplomatic deference.

There were conflicting reports as to just what had tripped up the Israelis. One account said that they had con-

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THE WORLD

fused the flight with another Iraqi plane scheduled to leave Beirut at about the same time. Another was that due to a long delay in taking off from Beirut, Habbash finally decided not to wait and canceled his reservations.

That mistake was painfully reminiscent of the most recent Palestinian outrage, which occurred only a few days before at Athens International Airport. In that incident, two young members of Black September attacked with guns and grenades a line of passengers waiting to board a New York-bound flight. They had planned to strike at passengers bound for Tel Aviv aboard TWA Flight 806—but by the time they attacked, the Tel Aviv passengers were safely aboard their jet. When the ordeal was over, two Americans and an Austrian lay dead, and 55 were wounded.

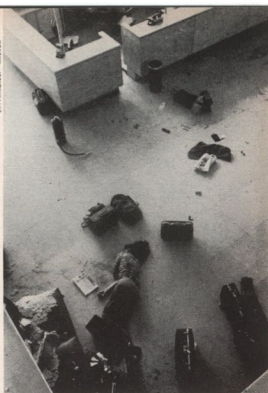
In the past, Greek authorities have been lenient with captured terrorists. One reason: the presence of large Greek communities in Arab countries. But to the Greeks, increasingly angry over the terrorist habit of using Athens as a convenient hunting ground (six incidents in five years), this most recent atrocity was the breaking point. The two captives—Shaif al Arid, 22, and Tallal Kantourah, 21, both from Jordan—were quickly indicted for premeditated murder.

They face the death penalty, which in Greece is by firing squad.

No punishment awaits the Israelis who forced down the Iraqi jet. Premier Golda Meir is on record as saying that "Israel is fighting terrorism practically all over the world." Indeed, according to a new and questionable Israeli law, the takeover of the Iraqi aircraft could be construed as legal (see box).

Since Palestinian commandos began their long series of skyjackings in July 1968—when an El Al jetliner was seized and diverted to Algeria by Habbash's men—Israel has retaliated in many ways, most notably with a massive raid on a commando headquarters in Beirut last April. Never before, however, has Israel been moved to resort to skyjacking—until last week. It was an ominous escalation of the fight between Israel and Arab terrorists.

As far as Israeli officials were concerned, the seizure of the Iraqi Caravelle was intended to drive a fresh point home. A high-ranking Israeli intelligence officer summed it up this way: "From now on, Arab terrorists will know they are not safe even in Arab air." More thoughtful Israelis were not nearly so brash. "No matter how you describe the incident," said one, "it still comes down to air piracy."



ATHENS AIRPORT VICTIM

Israel: Self-Appointed Supercop

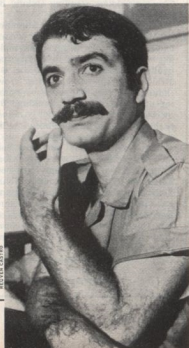
Though Israel failed to capture any terrorists in forcing down an Arab-owned jet last week, the principle behind the act already has been legally established—at least to Israel's satisfaction. No one knows that better than Faik Bulut, a 23-year-old Turk. Last February Bulut was captured during an Israeli raid on an Al-Fatah camp in northern Lebanon, 100 miles from the Israeli border. He was brought to Israel where he was indicted as a civilian for endangering the security of the nation. Last week Bulut was convicted and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment.

Bulut's conviction is the first decision stemming from an unusual new law, passed by the Israeli Knesset last year, that gives Israel jurisdiction to try according to Israeli law any person who commits an offense abroad that would be regarded as a crime against the state if done in Israel. Coupled with the established precedent that it is irrelevant how a defendant is brought before a court—a precedent reinforced in the trial of Nazi Adolf Eichmann, who was kidnapped by Israeli agents in Argentina and tried in Israel—the new law appears to make Israel self-appointed policeman of its own interests throughout the world.

In defense of Bulut last week, Israeli Lawyer Leah Tsemel argued that his seizure violates international standards governing extradition. In the Eichmann case, she said, Israel was sim-

ply enforcing the earlier Nürnberg-tribunal conviction of Eichmann for crimes against humanity. "There is no such agreement about Al-Fatah," she told the three-man military court, and therefore Israel has no right to force its own laws upon foreigners outside Israel. Indeed, the young Turk had not been accused of committing an overt act

FAIK BULUT



against Israel—only with being a member of Al-Fatah, which is a crime in Israel. He denied even that, claiming he was a "guest" and was not training to destroy Israel. To which Government Prosecutor Dan Ben-Ner replied, "The fact that Bulut was not directly fighting Israel is no exoneration from his joining Al-Fatah. He was assisting those who take our lives."

In convicting Bulut, the judges supported the legal underpinnings claimed for the new law. Israel's Attorney General Meir Shamgar says the new law amplifies the principle of extraterritorial jurisdiction, present in Palestine law since the Ottoman Empire and an integral part of legal systems derived from the Napoleonic Code. Thirteen European and South American countries have a law similar to Israel's, notes Shamgar. The main difference, he says, is that Israel lacks regular extradition procedures with its Arab neighbors, and the Arabs are reluctant to prosecute terrorists themselves.

Politically, Bulut's conviction serves as a clear warning that Israeli courts intend to back up the nation's worldwide war against terrorism. It is notice, as Lawyer Tsemel stated, that "anyone anywhere in the world who commits an act Israel thinks harmful to its security is liable to prosecution in Israeli courts." Ten fedayeen captured in Lebanon almost a year ago will follow Bulut into court later this month as the next defendants to be tried under the same law.

SOVIET UNION

Exile for Dissenters

Unwilling to resort to Stalin's mass purges and executions, Soviet officials have dismissed dissenters from their jobs, sent them to forced-labor camps, and confined them to prison mental institutions. Their most recent method appears to be a kind of involuntary exile: they allow a dissenter to travel abroad and then snatch away his passport. Last week, after eight months of research in Britain, Zhores Medvedev, a geneticist and gerontologist of international reputation, was called to the Soviet embassy in London where his passport was revoked and he was told that he was no longer a Soviet citizen.

Medvedev had long been an irritant to the Soviet authorities. His first sin, in 1969, was to write *The Rise and Fall of T.D. Lysenko*, a chronicle of Stalin's favorite scientist, a crackpot biologist who was the final, arbitrary word in Russian genetics for more than two decades. His second sin, in 1971, was to write *The Medvedev Papers*, a tale of Soviet censorship and suppression of intellectuals. Neither book was published in the U.S.S.R., but Soviet officials were so angered by their publication in the West that they finally confined Medvedev to a madhouse for what they termed a "split personality, expressed in the need to combine scientific work... with publicist activities."

So embarrassing was the protest, not only in the West but in Russia itself, that Medvedev was released from the asylum after 19 days. His latest round with the Soviet government may have been provoked by his plans to publish a "factual tribute" to Solzhenitsyn entitled *Ten Years After One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (TIME, May 28). It is a chronicle of the novelist's rise to fame and his later harassment by Soviet authorities after he published his bestselling novel.



SOVIET SCIENTIST ZHORES MEDVEDEV
No longer a Soviet citizen.

CHINA

Filling Vacant Ranks

Workmen and bureaucrats labored feverishly for weeks in Peking, preparing the city for the arrival of the more than 2,000 delegates from all over the People's Republic of China who will attend the Tenth Congress of the Chinese Communist Party. The congress is expected to begin this week, though the secretive Chinese have made no public mention of it.

No gathering is quite like a congress of a ruling Communist Party. To Communists it represents the highest embodiment of their party's ideological and political wisdom. Like a legislature, it enacts statutes and elects the members

of the ruling Central Committee and the powerful Politburo. Like an American political convention, it adopts what amounts to a platform listing the party's tasks and priorities. Like a revival meeting, it gives the local leaders who attend as delegates renewed enthusiasm and regenerated faith.

The conclave in Peking will be especially important. Although the ninth congress met only four years ago,* the party leadership and the government since then have suffered massive upheavals. In 1971 China's institutions had just begun to recover from the dislocations caused by the worst excesses of the Cultural Revolution when they

*Much longer intervals have separated other recent congresses. The seventh was in 1945 and the eighth in 1956 (with a second session in 1958).

East Germany: Back to the Wall

As rain spattered on the casket and a small band played a dirge called Immortal Victim, the body of former East German Boss Walter Ulbricht was carried to cremation last week. The funeral came only a few days before the twelfth anniversary of Ulbricht's ugliest legacy: the Berlin Wall. TIME's chief European correspondent William Rademakers, who witnessed the birth of the Wall on Aug. 13, 1961, returned for another look. His report:

It was on a sun-drenched Sunday that the Wall first appeared. Steel-helmeted East German troops had moved in convoys through the night, carrying rolls of barbed wire and concrete posts to the relatively open border that separated the two Berlins. When dawn broke, the border was sealed off. I walked to the Brandenburg Gate. There thousands of West Berlin adults were screaming insults at the East German soldiers standing stolidly behind the barricades.

Farther along the demarcation line, an old woman teetered on a window ledge in an East Berlin apartment building. West Berlin firemen held a large tarpaulin underneath her, but she was afraid to jump. A gathering crowd shouted warnings that police were moving up the stairs of her building. But the old woman could not let go. Finally she turned and climbed back into her apartment to wait for the police.

She may or may not have been lucky. Since the Wall went up, at least 69 people trying to escape have been killed and 99 seriously wounded. Hundreds have been arrested, but thousands have got away. There were the three East Berliners who painted a Volga automobile in Soviet army staff colors, donned homemade Russian uniforms, then calmly drove past saluting East German guards at a checkpoint. There

was the woman who got out in the gas tank of a truck, and the athletic young man who pole-vaulted over the Wall.

East Germans continue to filter over, under and through the Wall. Just last month, nine got out through a hand-dug tunnel in the Zehlendorf area. The East German government is currently pressuring Bonn to crack down on professional people-smugglers who openly advertise in the West Berlin press, and charge up to \$30,000 per head to arrange escapes. But in general, Berliners on both sides seem to have learned to live with the Wall, the way an amputee learns to live with a wooden leg, hardly remembering the time he was whole.

In the region of the Oberbaumbrücke, where the River Spree forms the border, there is a simple black wooden cross and a few clumps of faded flowers commemorating an unknown East Berliner who almost made



MEMORIAL TO ANOTHER VICTIM

were again shaken by the Lin Piao affair. Though he was Mao's heir designate, Lin, according to the official Peking version, attempted a coup against Mao. When his plot was discovered, he tried to escape to the U.S.S.R., but died when his plane mysteriously crashed deep inside Mongolia.

Lin's followers subsequently were purged from the thousands of posts they held in the government, party and military. This nearly paralyzed the bureaucracies, even at the highest levels. Of the 21-man Politburo, only eleven members are known to be active, and its five-man standing committee has only two functioning members, Mao and Premier Chou En-lai. This week's congress must fill those vacant ranks. It is also expected that for the first time Lin will be

branded a traitor and right-wing opportunist (the party's worst sin). The congress will then have to adopt a new party constitution, one which no longer names Lin as Mao's successor. The congress must also provide some answers for crucial economic questions, such as how to increase food production, how much to stress industrialization at the expense of agriculture and to what degree China should open itself to dealings with the technology-rich West.

The sessions probably will be closed to the public. Nonetheless, when the congress adjourns, after a session that could last ten days, its published resolutions and the roster of the new Central Committee and Politburo will signal the direction in which China is heading.



CHURCHILL & STALIN (MOSCOW, 1942)



SOLDIER REMOVES BODY FROM WALL

it across, but was shot a few yards from the riverbank. Last week an elderly woman basked in the sun there, feeding the swans and mallards that splash in the river. Woman and birds were oblivious to the watchtower in the middle of the nearby bridge, manned by a guard with binoculars.

Ignored or not, the Wall is not likely to go away—at least in the foreseeable future. Indeed, it is constantly being strengthened and enlarged, made more impenetrable, more deadly and more permanent. At first the East Germans concentrated on the 27-mile stretch of border that zigzagged through the heart of the city, to stop the flow of East Germans to the West. More than 3,000,000 had deserted East Germany from the end of World War II until Ulbricht ordered the Wall built. Now there is an elaborate network of installations along the entire 100-mile demarcation line that separates West Berlin from East Germany. At last count, it included 242 watchtowers, 137 bunkers, 249 dog patrols, some 65 miles of concrete wall and 35 miles of chain-link fencing, as well as assorted electronic-surveillance devices, 10-ft-deep trenches and triple-pronged concrete pylons similar to the tank traps of World War II.

"The East Germans have already taken their raps for the Wall," says a high-ranking U.S. diplomat in West Berlin. "They are not about to tear it down." They are under little pressure to do so. After years of being ostracized, East Germany is currently enjoying international acceptance. It is about to become a member of the United Nations, and it has already received diplomatic recognition from 89 countries. The U.S. is on the brink of establishing relations. A State Department delegation will arrive in East Berlin shortly to discuss, among other things, the location of a U.S. embassy. One possible site (on land already owned by the U.S.): directly behind the Brandenburg Gate, abutting the Berlin Wall.

HISTORICAL NOTE

Joking at the Summit

Lighthearted and even bawdy moments accompanied some of the most controversial decisions in the dubious peacemaking toward the end of World War II. Top-secret wartime papers made public this month by the British Foreign Office throw a new light on how Great Britain's Winston Churchill and the Soviet Union's Joseph Stalin divided Europe during private talks in Moscow in October 1944.

Churchill was worried that the U.S. might be tempted to return Britain's crown colony of Hong Kong to China as a reward to the Chinese for their part in the struggle against Japan. Thus he wanted Stalin's support for the continuation of the British Empire. In return, as Churchill has written in his memoirs, he agreed to recognize the Soviet Union's sphere of dominant influence in Eastern Europe. What Churchill did not disclose in his memoirs was the earthy dialogue between him and Stalin while they decided the fate of tens of millions of people.

While dismissing Poland as "the most tiresome question," Churchill told Stalin: "At present each [Great Britain and the Soviet Union] had a game cock in his hand." When the translator explained the double meaning of Churchill's remark, Stalin retorted with a coarse Georgian sense of humor: "It is difficult to do without cocks."

Then they cracked Polish jokes. Churchill said: "The difficulty about the Poles was that they had unwise political leaders. When there were two Poles there was one quarrel." Stalin replied: "Where there was one Pole, he would begin to quarrel with himself through sheer boredom."

Conversations of the recent Soviet-American summit meetings will not be available to the public for years, if ever. Until then, one can only speculate about the kind of humor punctuating the conversations between Richard Nixon and Leonid Brezhnev.



BRITAIN

The Fabulous Feat of Clay

Politics, as Clement Raphael Freud might put it, suffers from too many amateur comedians. Clay, as he is popularly known, is a pro. He is also the newest member of Britain's House of Commons. His spectacular upset victory in a by-election last month, combined with that of another Liberal on the same day, has set pundits pondering the possibility of a Liberal Party resurgence (TIME, Aug. 13). But for those who care less about which party is up or down than how entertainingly the game is

SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL



FREUD & FRIEND SNOOPY



FREUD AS GENTLEMAN JOCKEY

played, the feat of Clay promises much more: a revival of wit at Westminster. As one of his admirers says, it should be "the next best thing to having Peter Ustinov" in Parliament.

A grandson of Sigmund, Freud has long tickled Britons with his acerbic, urbane humor in print and on television talk shows. Though the contest in the Cambridgeshire constituency of Ely marked his debut in politics, he quickly found the field fertile for his brand of fun. When his Conservative opponent showed a lack of familiarity with rural Ely, Freud labeled him the "identikit candidate." Freud then arranged for somebody to ask the Tory during a TV debate whether he approved of giving funds to MAGPAS. "Oh, yes," chirruped the candidate, a young London stockbroker. "Indeed, yes, an admirable idea. Splendid, splendid." Freud interrupted to inquire whether his opponent really knew what MAGPAS was. "It's one of those agricultural ones, isn't it?" mumbled the Tory. No, deadpanned Freud, it actually was an acronym for Mid-Anglia General Practitioners Academic Service.

His Freudian quips and tricks can be gently disarming. When a woman

PRESS ASSOCIATION



FREUD AS RACE-CAR DRIVER

voter complained to him about the style of new development houses being constructed, Freud replied: "Madam, for you we shall build an old house." He customarily ended campaign speeches by pulling out his pocket watch and looking at it mournfully. "This was my grandfather's watch." Pause. "He sold it to me on his deathbed." As for his contribution to the House of Commons, Freud says, unconvincingly: "It is not my ambition to liven up the debate in Parliament." But, he adds, with a look as baleful as the one he wears (and shares with a bloodhound) on a celebrated British TV commercial for dog food: "A monopolies commission ought

to look into the number of bores at Westminster."

Humor has not monopolized Freud's life. Now 49, he is or has been a gentleman jockey, a race-car driver, an apprentice chef at the Dorchester Hotel, a cabaret owner, a trustee of London's Playboy Club and the author of a singularly uncharming children's book about a boy named Grimble whose parents forget things like birthdays and breakfasts. As a journalist, he has written for the lofty *Financial Times* and the lusty *News of the World*, as well as others in between.

In his fondness for journalistic stunts, he has put himself through a London-New York air race, a bobbed ride down the famed Cresta Run, a sailing trip from Cape Town to Rio and a Royal Air Force survival course in the Bavarian Alps (which netted him not only a story but frostbite). Always Freud brings his own particular blend of cunning comedy to his high jinks. The 1969 air race was from London's Post Office Tower to the top of the Empire State Building, with contestants using commercial flights and any type of ground transportation they liked. To help him win the \$12,500 first prize, Freud arranged for a long line of schoolboys to cross a busy street in London, halting regular traffic and clearing a path for his motorcycle.


Between sips of Pouilly-Fumé at his 18th century house in London's St. John's Wood, Freud told TIME Correspondent William McWhirter how he came to try politics. "I seemed to have reached a certain plateau where I felt like I had given the same after-dinner speech for the last five years. I decided to run for the post, and I decided to win the first time I saw the Tory candidate. It would have been too humiliating to have allowed myself to be beaten by him." It also would have been a good deal less profitable: Freud won more than \$10,000 by betting on himself at odds as long as 33 to 1.

In taking up politics, Freud does not intend to abandon his other careers. After his election, he signed on as a \$20,000 a year columnist with the *Sunday Express*. He also expects to continue his TV appearances, with some possible exceptions: "Any show in which I have to do a striptease, jump through a hoop or make love to a chicken, I might well give up until after the general election."

THE COMMONWEALTH

By Any Other Name

After the acrimonious conference of former British colonies at Singapore in 1971, it seemed as if the sun might be setting on the Commonwealth. But all 32 member nations, representing more than a quarter of the world's population, sent heads of state or surrogates to this year's conference in Ottawa. When the talking ended last week, the



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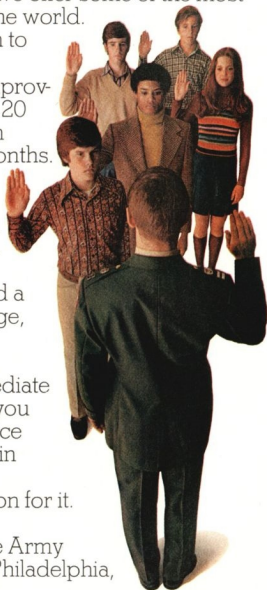
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Commonwealth was still intact—or, at least, in roughly the same loose association it has somewhat incredibly maintained since its birth 42 years ago.

Not that all the talk was civil. Britain, which sort of made the whole club possible by at one time ruling virtually all the other members, came in for some buffeting. Uganda called Britain a hotbed of racism. British Prime Minister Edward Heath suggested that if anybody was racist, it was Uganda's President Idi Amin. He accused Amin of "callous inhumanity" in his expulsion of 50,000 Asians. (Amin was not present; he had stayed home, perhaps mindful of how he had deposed Milton Obote while Obote was at the Singapore conference.)

Curiously, Australia's new Labor Prime Minister Gough Whitlam seemed to rile Heath more by warning the underdeveloped Commonwealth countries to beware of multinational corporations. Heath retorted that if Whitlam had problems with such corporations in Australia, he should enact antitrust laws. "That would ensure competition," the British Conservative leader said. "But," he added, cutting, "that is not something socialist prime ministers like to hear."

India and other members expressed concern about the loss of special trading privileges through Britain's entry into the European Common Market. And African representatives again pressed Britain to take stronger steps to isolate two former colonies, white-supremacist South Africa and Rhodesia. But, all in all, there was never quite the slanging match that developed in Singapore over British plans to supply arms to South Africa.

Still, the most composed person in Ottawa was clearly Queen Elizabeth, who is titular head of the Commonwealth but takes no part in the discussions. A British newsmen suggested to her at a reception that "Commonwealth" was a rather drab word to describe the vast polyglot community of nations represented at the talks. "Well," Her Majesty replied, "we used to have a different name for it."

SOUTH KOREA

Wild Plot

After lunch last week in the room of a friend in Tokyo's Grand Palace Hotel, Dae Jung Kim, an exiled former leader of the opposition New Democratic Party in South Korea, was accosted in the hallway by five men, pulled into an adjoining room—and has not

been seen again. When the room was opened 25 minutes later, the only unusual contents were the cartridge of a .32-cal. German revolver, a half-empty bottle of a chloroform-like anaesthetic, and three knapsacks, one of them large enough to hold an adult. So smooth was Kim's kidnapping—or possibly his murder—that Japanese authorities speculated that it was the work of the ever-efficient Korean CIA, acting perhaps on the orders of President Chung Hee Park, whom Kim had called "an Asian version of Hitler." Exiled since last year, Kim, 48, who had astounded Park by gaining 46% of the vote in the relatively free presidential election of 1971, was a constant critic of Park's subsequent takeover of all government powers. He seemed to regard himself as his country's edition of Charles de Gaulle-in-



DAE JUNG KIM SPEAKING IN SEOUL (1971)
A knapsack and many loose ends.

exile, saying he was "the sole South Korean voice speaking against dictatorship and for freedom." Adding to the speculation of Park's involvement was the memory of a previous incident in 1967 when the Korean CIA abducted 22 Korean dissenters in Europe and brought them home to face trial for treason.

Still, there were many loose ends, and what made Kim's disappearance puzzling was its total lack of logic, even from Park's viewing stand. Despite his showing in the 1971 elections, Kim has never been a serious threat to Park, and any injury to him by Park's agents can only tarnish the dictator's already smudgy image abroad. So illogical did the whole affair seem, indeed, that some thought the snatch might be the work of North Korea, out to damage the reputation of Park. Whatever the motives, 100 Japanese policemen were assigned the job of finding out what had happened to Kim.

CHILE

"If Civil War, So Be It!"

Chile, unstable for months, is now threatened by civil war. Marxist President Salvador Allende Gossens has been so shaken by a wave of strikes that last week he reorganized his entire Cabinet and installed a new one containing the chiefs of the army, navy, air force and the paramilitary carabinieri. The immediate crisis was sparked by a nationwide truck owners' strike that began on July 26 and has partially isolated Santiago's 3,000,000 residents. Terrorist bands have blown up gasoline pipelines and dynamited highways. Armed troops now guard gas stations, while Santiagoans in queues several blocks long wait for dwindling supplies of everything from matches to meat. Militant workers have taken over 30 factories in Santiago's "industrial belt," which produces most of Chile's goods. TIME Contributing Editor James Randall recently toured Santiago and visited one of the captive factories with Reporter Paul Potter. Randall's report:

Huge hand-painted signs on plants lining the highway that winds out of Santiago parallel to the Andes foothills proclaim the new order: workers, not management, will run Chile's industry. The takeovers were initiated by Allende during last June's abortive coup (TIME, July 7). At the time, Allende saw such actions as the first step in mobilizing the workers to save his government against the possibility that the army would prove disloyal. It did not. But now, to Allende's consternation, the workers refuse to give up the occupied factories. Their refusal has dealt a staggering blow to Chile's already battered economy.

We decided to visit the Luchetti plant, a worker-expropriated factory that produces half of Chile's noodles. At the gate we were stopped by a burly "people's guard," who watched us closely as a companion vanished into a nearby building. A few minutes later, a stocky man with a rumpled sports coat met us, and after listening to our request, ushered us into a small, spartan office. "We have taken over the factory," said Union Spokesman Guillermo Bonilla, "because the bosses never gave workers human respect or consulted with them about changes in their jobs. They were bastards."

Now that the bosses are out, said Bonilla, the workers will run the factory themselves and do a better job of it. "Malcontents will be weeded out faster, and production will increase factually, it has dropped slightly since the takeover]. We will do away with inflation by working harder, taking better care of machinery and by not asking for excessive pay raises."

Given Chile's hopelessly snarled economic problems, Bonilla's solution sounded a bit too simple. The fact is

THE WORLD

that Chilean workers who now earn around \$30 a month, will need substantial pay boosts in order to offset inflation, which, at 300% a year, is the highest rate in the world. If they are granted such huge wage increases, the inflationary trend will continue soaring, wiping out their gains. They are ensnared in an economic *Catch-22*.

Bonilla vowed that the Lucchetti workers would continue occupying the factory until the government did something to improve their lot. Just what the government could do, he did not detail. But he warned that if any attempt is made to evict the workers forcibly, they will fight back. "And if this means civil war, then so be it!"

Giving force to Bonilla's words was the military-like discipline of the workers. They sleep in shifts at the factory, so that there is always an alert group on guard. And though we saw no weapons, Allende's right-wing opposition insists the workers are armed.

For all this, the workers seemed happy, almost euphoric. A soccer game was in full swing in the company compound, while indoors a group of young people strummed guitars and sang decidedly unrevolutionary songs (sample: "Lucchetti noodles are really, really good"). But by last week the mood had darkened. A textile factory in the southern city of Punta Arenas was stormed by troops searching for arms; one worker was bayoneted and another shot and killed. At Lucchetti, a photographer was told he could not enter or take photos "for security reasons." Said Bonilla nervously: "We expect the military at any time." With the traditionally neutral military leaders joining Allende's Cabinet, all sides were wondering if that expectation would be fulfilled.

ARGENTINA

The Doctor's Advice

Juan Perón has always been his own best oracle, particularly about his place in history. Recently, however, soothsayers around the 77-year-old *Caudillo* have been making their own predictions, mostly about his health. Perón suffers from heart disease, they say, or polyps in the bladder, or an ulcerous intestine. What Perón and his physicians discuss in private about his health is disturbingly close to the rumors. Last week TIME obtained the following reconstruction of a recent conversation between Perón and Dr. Alberto Taiana, Peronist Minister of Health and Education, and Pedro Cossio, an eminent Argentine heart specialist:

Perón: Tell me the truth. As you know, I am not "a sick person," but "the sick person." I know I haven't too much rope left. I get tired. I am not the same as I was before. It is difficult for me to concentrate, I who used to work 30 hours a day!



PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE JUAN PERÓN
Racing with a broken leg?

Cossio: Well, General, the main thing is that you strictly follow the instructions we have recommended.

Perón: I am obedient. I know when I have to give orders and when I have to take them, and my taking orders isn't what matters. The important thing is that the country is in the balance. I have to make decisions. Come on, Taiana, what is going on with this old man?

Taiana: You are in a delicate state. But since you talk about the country, I must be frank. Your faculties might suffer a decline. And inasmuch as we know you are not going to take orders, that you are going to work, that it is impossible to control you, I think you must be prepared for this situation. [There will be] possible losses of memory, very intense fatigue. Your heart is strong but undergoing tremendous tension. Your polyps are also a problem.

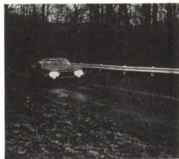
Perón: All right, so there is very little rope left. When [will I die]?

Cossio and Taiana: No, no. It is not at all like that. You must take care of yourself. It might be years.

Perón: I know very well that that is not true. As long as a four-year presidency?

Taiana: That effort would rapidly reduce the possibility of your survival. As your friend and doctor, I must tell you that you must not take on the presidency and that you must cut down on the work you are doing now.

Did Perón take his doctors' advice to heart? With presidential elections little more than a month away (Sept. 23), he had delayed accepting his party's nomination and indeed had remarked that he had no wish to "begin a race with a broken leg." But at week's end, apparently deciding that he has more "rope" than his doctors contend, he accepted the nomination—and the certainty of winning by a landslide.



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JACQUELINE ONASSIS SETS OFF WATERSKIING, THEN TAKES A SUDDEN SPILL INTO THE WARM WATERS OF THE IONIAN SEA OFF SKORPIOS



MARILYN MONROE RATES A TOKYO TEMPLE

What a summer! Ari cruised in the Mediterranean. Caroline worked on a documentary on coal miners in Tennessee. John-John went on a bicycle trip. After a tiresome round of yachting, shopping and dodging photographers, **Jacqueline Onassis** ended up on Skorpios, her private Greek island. She climbed on her water skis, scooted across the water and went plop. But, then, even Jackie has her ups and downs.

Even in Japan, **Marilyn Monroe** is the subject of a cult, and devotion to her is growing. Small wonder, said Yukihiko Harada, president of the Japan Monroe Admiration Society: "She has contributed so much repose to the mind of man this side of the Pacific." At a Buddhist temple in Tokyo, the 100-member J.M.A.S. sponsored an anniversary service for Marilyn in strictly Buddhist style. In the main hall there were the usual representations of the Buddha, curling smoke from incense bars and deep-throated chanting of sutras by a monk with a drinking party later. But there was one variation in the ancient rite: a large still of Marilyn from *The Seven Year Itch* in front of the altar. In that setting, Marilyn's delight might even suggest *satori*.

The 25th Red Cross Ball was also **Princess Caroline's** coming out party. Wearing a halter-necked Dior gown printed with huge daisies, she joined her parents in greeting the 500 guests, danced one dance with her father **Prince Rainier**, and then sat out the others at the royal table. There was a sprinkling of Princess Grace's friends from the old days, including **Cyd Charisse**, **Tony Martin** and **Ginger Rogers**. Only Kennedy Clan Favorite **Andy Williams**, who sang, got the attention of the very shy, very pretty princess.

Show biz was beginning to sound a bit like the Wimbledon play-offs: Claire Bloom and Jane Fonda with their separate versions of *A Doll's House*, five versions of *The Three Musketeers* before the cameras in Europe, and two versions of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* playing London. The more traditional of the two starred Janet Suzman (*Nicholas and Alexandra*). The other, a full-blast 20th century version, brought Rebel **Vanessa Redgrave** on stage. The actors' props were revolvers, hand grenades and Ronson lighters. Antony was a cigar-smoking swinger sporting a white cravat. Dominating all, even without the aid of her three-inch heels, was Vanessa Redgrave. Her Cleopatra



VANESSA REDGRAVE TAKES ON CLEOPATRA

PRINCESS CAROLINE OF MONACO COMES OUT



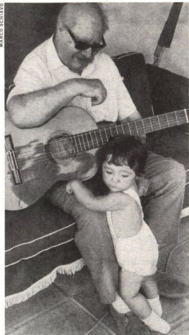
PEOPLE

was a rasping vamp leering through out-sized orange sunspecs, her slacks held up by red suspenders, and green plastic combs in her hair. According to the director, Tony Richardson, Vanessa's ex-husband, all these bizarre goings on are intended as a comment on power politics today.

"I waited until the boy was three years old before I started teaching him the guitar," **Andrés Segovia**, 80, said about the lessons he gives Carlos, his son by his second wife Emilia, 36. He is now two months past his third birthday, and Papa thinks "he's going to be very good. We practice one or two hours every day." Segovia, the world's master guitarist, has retired to Spain's Costa del Sol and stopped giving concerts: "How can I stomp the world again when all I want to do is be with him?"

Nope, it wasn't drugs or even payoffs that Pitcher **Gaylord Perry** of the Cleveland Indians was confessing. To the surprise of no American League batter, last year's Cy Young Award winner was making a clean breast of the spitball he threw "for the first, but hardly the last time" in 1964. In his autobiography, *Me and the Spitter*, to be published next year, Perry said that first spitball led him through "the mudball, the emery ball, the K-Y ball, the Vaselineball and the sweatball, to name a few. During the next eight years, I tried everything on the old apple but salt and pepper and chocolate-sauce toppin'."

It's not easy to be both a star and a champ. Last year **Dustin Hoffman** won the Robert F. Kennedy Pro-Celebrity Tennis Tournament, beating **Pancho Gonzales** and **Charlton Heston**. Ever since, Hoffman has been haunted by his success. "It's been on my mind more than my wife and my family," the 5-ft. 6-in. actor admitted. "I can't concentrate on anything else—Watergate, sex, going to the bathroom." Warming up with **Dave DeBusschere** for the R.F.K.



SEGOVIA TEACHES HIS SON THE GUITAR

tournament later this month, the ex-McGovern supporter reflected: "Beating Pancho was nice, but the meaningful win for me was against Heston. At the time, he was a Democrat for Nixon."

The Perfect Master had come to Detroit to sow peace, love and truth. What he reaped was a pie in the face. In town to accept a testimonial resolution, **Guru Maharaj Ji**, the 15-year-old Indian religious leader, was struck with a shaving-cream pie hurled by a bearded ill-wisher. The pie thrower, who had concealed his missile beneath a box of flowers, said the guru was on an ego trip and "I wanted to show he was mortal." Unfortunately not quick enough to turn his cheek, the guru did give his attacker his forgiveness blessing.



DUSTIN HOFFMAN COURTS DAVE DEBUSSCHERE



GURU MAHARAJ JI GETS PIE IN THE FACE

In Massachusetts' Walpole state prison, **Albert DeSalvo**, "the Boston Strangler," has been baring his sex-obsessed past with some 1,500 women to Steve Dunleavy, one of the writers who helped out **Xavier Hollander** with *The Happy Hooker*. "Albert wants people to understand about an individual with his tremendous sexual drive," P.J. Piscitelli, DeSalvo's lawyer, explained. The reminiscences were due to be published early next year—several publishers were bidding for them—when the Supreme Court ruled on pornography. Now, says Piscitelli, "we are injecting a lot of corn in place of some of the porn. The book started out 80% sex, 20% less titillating. They want to reverse the proportion." For Europe, the earlier weightings may prevail.

T.A.: Doing OK

In the 1960s it was encounter groups. In the 1970s it is transactional analysis, or T.A., the pop-psychological path to happiness charted by Sacramento Psychiatrist Thomas A. Harris in his bestseller *I'm OK—You're OK*. T.A., or close facsimiles of it, is now practiced by some 3,000 psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers and ministers in the U.S. and 14 foreign countries. In fact, it may be the most widely used and fastest-growing form of treatment for emotional distress in the world. Says Boston's J. Allyn Bradford, a Congregational minister who runs a T.A. training institute called OK World, Inc.: "Tom Harris has done for psychotherapy the same thing Henry Ford did for the automobile: made it available to the average person."

The central thesis of T.A., as Harris teaches it, stems from Psychiatrist Alfred Adler's concept of a universal "inferiority feeling." Most people, Harris says, never stop thinking of themselves as helpless children overwhelmed by the power of adults. For that reason they go through life believing that they are inferior, or "not OK," while they view everyone else as superior, or "OK." The aim of T.A. therapy is to instill the conviction that "I'm OK—you're OK," meaning that no one is really a threat to anyone else and that in the end everything comes up roses.

More specifically, transactional analysts believe that what makes a person unhappy is an unbalanced relationship between the three parts that constitute every human personality: Parent, Adult and Child. Harris rejects any suggestion that these are the equivalent of Freud's superego, ego and id. "The Parent, Adult and Child are real things that can be validated," he insists.

"We're talking about real people, real times and real events, as recorded in the brain." Be that as it may, the theory is that unless the mature, rational Adult dominates the personality, or, in the language of T.A., is "plugged in," the overly restrictive Parent and the primitive, self-deprecating Child will foul up most "transactions," or relationships with others.

To put his Adult in charge, Harris says, the troubled person must "learn the language of transactional analysis and use it in examining his everyday transactions." He must also learn to diagram these transactions, using three circles to represent the personality components of each person and drawing arrows to show how two people interact. Parallel lines depict "complementary



transactions," which occur, for instance, when a husband's Adult speaks to his wife's Adult and gets a response in kind. In that type of exchange, the husband might ask, "Where are my cuff links?" and his wife might reply, "In your top left dresser drawer"—or, perhaps, "I'm not sure, but I'll help you find them."

Crossed lines like this denote un-



complementary transactions, and bode trouble. For example, the Adult-to-Adult question about the cuff links might be answered with a sharp "Where

you left them," a reproach that comes from the wife's Parent and is addressed to what she sees as the inept Child in her husband's personality.

T.A. therapy sessions usually involve eight to 15 participants and often begin with one member trying to describe why "I'm not OK." The group responds by giving him all the reasons that he should be OK. Therapist and group members alike try to help each member analyze, and change, his "life script"—the blueprint that, according to T.A., a child unconsciously draws up to shape his whole life. Bad scripts may include self-defeating "games" such as "Kick Me," a gambit of the self-pitying, and "Blemish," the ploy of people who compensate for inferiority feelings by pointing out the failings of others.

All Adults. As a way of inspiring group members, T.A. therapists usually make "contracts" with them to achieve specific goals like giving up alcohol or such amorphous ones as "to get more OK," "to be able to give myself to others" or "to exercise more control over my Parent." One far-out leader shouts, "You're OK!" to his groups, and another asks members to clap hands in a circle dance while singing *Ding, Dong, the Witch Is Dead*. Harris, who now does more teaching and training than therapy, usually begins his lectures with a few jokes to loosen things up. Sometimes he asks a listener to come forward and stand at the foot of the speaker's platform, thus demonstrating what it is like to have to look up at a parent and feel like a "not OK" child. Often, members of Harris' staff surprise the audience by interrupting him with comments of their own. The purpose is to suggest that Harris and his listeners are all adults together, and that he is no parent proclaiming infallible truths to obedient children. Occasionally, he writes out advice on a prescription pad: "I want you, John, to smile and greet ten new people every day."

Harris was trained in medicine, psychiatry and psychoanalysis, but soon became dissatisfied with the results of traditional treatment. "After about five years in psychoanalysis, you get a ton of garbage and an ounce of usable material," he says. "In T.A., we go after that usable material right away." Harris stumbled onto T.A. when he heard a lecture by the late Eric Berne, originator of transactional analysis, author of the 1964 bestseller *Games People Play*, and a self-described "cowboy therapist" whose advice to patients was, "Get well first and analyze later." Before long, Harris had evolved his own brand of T.A. and embodied it in *I'm OK—You're OK*.

Much of the book's success is due to its remarkable popularity among religious groups. The apparent reason: *I'm OK* reveals Harris—a practicing

HARRIS PRACTICING TRANSACTIONAL ANALYSIS AT HIS SACRAMENTO OFFICE





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Presbyterian—as a cross between Norman Vincent Peale and Billy Graham. A cheerful mass evangelist, he preaches a gospel of original sin and carries, as he himself puts it, a “message of hope” to an ever increasing flock of converts. “We simply cannot argue with the endemic ‘cussedness’ of man,” he says, in a characteristic mixture of everyday and evangelical language.

In fact, Harris is convinced that only those who believe the “truth” of transactional analysis can win the battle against neurosis. “You have to have absolute faith that T.A. is true; otherwise you’ll lose,” Harris once told a group he was leading. Speaking more than half seriously, he told one patient who had not read *I’m OK—You’re OK* that “the only thing standing between you and a cure is my book.” The book itself goes so far as to suggest that it may be able to save man and civilization from extinction. Harris writes: “We trust it may be a volume of Hope and an important page of the manual for the survival of mankind.”

Eugene Carson Blake, former general secretary of the World Council of Churches, finds the values and assumptions of *I’m OK* to be “basically Christian ideas,” and an increasing number of mainline Protestant denominations are using T.A. for individual and group counseling. Educators are trying it, too. Last spring Harris and his staff taught 1,000 teachers at the N.E.A. convention in Portland, Ore., how to create “the OK classroom.” Business firms (General Foods and Digital Equipment Corp., among others) have experimented with the method, and so have NASA, the Civil Service Commission and the U.S. Naval depot in Oakland, Calif. (A depot contract: “We must move more boxes onto more ships with happier men.”) In Berkeley, Calif., Psychologist Claude Steiner has reported success in treating alcoholics with T.A., and in Sacramento, Calif., Pediatrician Dennis Marks says he has helped retarded patients.

Sharp Critic. In the midst of his success, Harris has one regret: “My readers and my patients seem to understand me better than other psychiatrists do.” Indeed, President Burt Moore of the American Psychoanalytic Association finds transactional analysis “superficial,” and Psychiatrist James Gordon of Washington, D.C., calls it “a hermetic system, defensively, self-righteously complete, dangerously closed to outside criticism and change.”

Although he has been a sharp critic of T.A. in the past, Boston Psychiatrist Robert Coles takes a more charitable view. “There is some wisdom in it—of a limited kind,” he says. “I don’t think it has the depth or breadth of vision of either Christianity or Judaism, let alone of a Freud or a Jung. But neither Freud nor Jung offers the ordinary individual any needs to live by. T.A. is terribly reassuring. I think worse has been done by people who pretended to more.”

The Gainesville Eight

“Fire teams” using crossbows, wristrocket sling shots, automatic weapons and homemade grenades would roam the streets of Miami attacking police, knocking out electric transformers, and firebombing stores. According to FBI Informer William Lemmer, those bizarre, bloody plans to disrupt the Republican National Convention last year were hatched by a group of Viet Nam Veterans Against the War. Lemmer says he attended a secret meeting in May 1972 in a Gainesville, Fla., attic, where plans for the disruption were discussed and the plotters demonstrated the use of crossbows, carbines and explosives.

Lemmer’s story was a major factor



LEMMER POSING AS ANTIWAR VET
Informer or provocateur?

in the arrest of six members of the V.V.A.W. in July 1972 on charges of conspiring and crossing state lines to incite a riot (subsequently, another vet and a civilian ally were also charged). Denying the charges, the defendants insisted that the arrests were purely political, designed to embarrass the leadership of the veterans and prevent their legal anti-Nixon demonstrations at the convention. Now the case of the “Gainesville Eight” has come to court as the latest—and possibly last—of the celebrated conspiracy trials of recent years. Those often traumatic trials, like the Gainesville case, were the result of a controversial Justice Department practice of prosecuting antiwar, anti-Administration activists for allegedly illegal plots. The prosecutions have involved at least 100 investigations in 36 states that have returned more than 400 indictments, but led to only one-tenth as many convictions, many on lesser charges.

There was a sense of *déjà vu* in

Gainesville last week as Lemmer, the Government’s star witness, took the stand. In a reminder of the Angela Davis trial, tight security was in effect at the Gainesville courtroom as more than 100 green-fatigue-clad members of the V.V.A.W., who had set up camp outside town, marched with other supporters through Gainesville chanting “Jail Nixon, Free the Eight!” Past Conspiracy Celebrities Tom Hayden (the Chicago Seven) and Anthony Russo (the Pentagon papers) flew in to condemn the trial, and Lemmer’s part in the proceedings recalled the key role of the Berigan brothers’ informer, Boyd Douglas.

Fantastic Plot. In two days of testimony, Lemmer, a former paratrooper in Viet Nam, described a fantastic plot that he says he watched develop while serving as Arkansas-Oklahoma coordinator for the antiwar vets. He outlined the scheme that he says Veteran Leader Scott Camil called “Phoenix II” (named after a CIA-sponsored project to eliminate Viet Cong cadres in Viet Nam). Lemmer told the jury that early in 1972, Camil said he was conducting training operations for political assassination squads on an isolated Florida farm with facilities for rifle, pistol and mortar practice. Lemmer, who spent approximately two years as an FBI informer, testified that the plotting veterans had traded “dope for weapons.” He related that once Defendant John W. Kniffen had demonstrated how to use a crossbow by firing a steel shaft through a door. He also claimed that Camil had asked him to “fill a contract,” presumably for a gangland-style murder.

Defense attorneys began cross-examination of Lemmer at week’s end hoping to undermine his credibility by trying to prove that he has a history of mental disorders, a charge Lemmer vehemently denies. The defense would also like to show that Lemmer acted as an agent provocateur as well as an informer, planting the very type of plans he says the veterans developed. Finally, they may point out to the jury that Lemmer himself calls the disruption scheme only a “contingency plan.”

In a setback, the defense was frustrated in its efforts to have a mistrial declared. Two FBI agents with an attaché case full of electronic gear had been discovered poised over telephone circuits next door to the defense attorneys’ conference room. The defense claimed the agents were bugging their lines. Judge Winston Arnaw, a tough, conservative Lyndon Johnson appointee, who has shown little patience with either defense or prosecution tactics, ruled last week there had been no bugging. When the Gainesville case goes to the jury it will face a decision not unfamiliar in conspiracy trials: Was the strange plot planned by the defendants or merely visualized in the mind of the informer?

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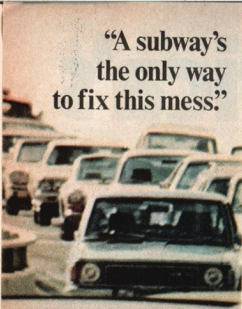
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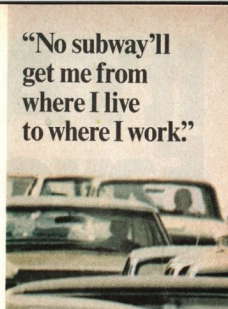
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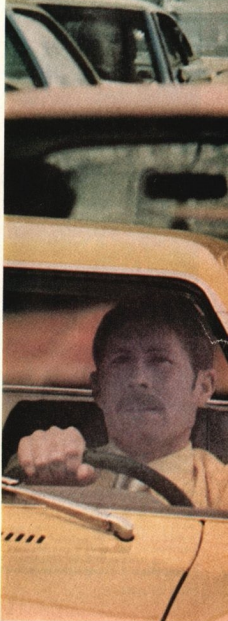


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WEISKOPF STUDYING A PUTT

Coming of Age at 30

Fairway pundits have been trying to explain what makes Tom Weiskopf tick ever since he joined the professional golf tour in 1964. It became a clubhouse cliché that the rangy (6 ft. 3 in.) blond with the sweet swing had all the moves but none of the grit, cool or concentration of a true star. "We worry about Tom a lot," said one tour veteran. "We wonder if you looked in his ear whether you'd see daylight or cartoons or something."

This season the wondering has turned to wonderment as Weiskopf has put together the most spectacular streak since Byron Nelson took eleven straight tournaments in 1945. Over the past three months Tom Terrific has won five of nine tournaments, including the British and Canadian Opens. During that string he never finished lower than fifth, has averaged an extraordinary 68.8 strokes per round and has amassed \$200,210 in prize money. "I know the wheel's going to fall off one day," he keeps saying. But still he keeps rolling. After two rounds in last week's P.G.A. Championship, Weiskopf was tied for third only two strokes behind the leaders. With no end in sight, there is some conjecture that Weiskopf has at age 30 discovered some new secret about the game. Yoga, perhaps? Pep pills? Magic? Prayer?

None of the above, says Weiskopf. How, then, has he done it? Let him count the ways: "Basically and simply, I have matured. I have set higher goals. I have worked harder. I am more determined to be a complete and better

golfer. I am more sure of myself. I am more relaxed. I don't let adversity get the best of me." Personal grief played a part. "My father lived for golf," he says. "When he died last March, I realized that I hadn't accomplished what I should have for him. In watching him fight death, I knew I didn't know what fighting meant. I realized that it's easy to make an excuse, to give up, to find a way out."

His father, a trainmaster in Columbus, was an accomplished amateur golfer, as was Weiskopf's mother. Though they early schooled young Tom in the finer points of golf, his interests were focused elsewhere. "In high school," he says, "I competed in football, basketball, baseball, wrestling and track and wasn't any good at any of them." Giving in to the inevitable, he took up golf in earnest and "went from being a straight A student to a straight C." As a freshman at Ohio State he caddied for Upperclassman Jack Nicklaus, then the young master of amateur golf. Impressed by Nicklaus' exploits, Weiskopf quit after his sophomore year to become a "successful college dropout."

All Alone. At the 1964 U.S. Open, the first two pro golfers that he saw were Bob Rosburg and Terry Dill. One look at their imperfect swings and Weiskopf asked a friend: "How much money do they make?" Right then, he says, "I knew I could make it." And he did, up to a point, building his earnings from \$11,264 to \$152,946 over the next four seasons. Still, he was alarmingly erratic and a self-confessed "bundle of nerves." In 1967, for example, he led the Bob Hope Desert Classic after three rounds and then came apart so badly that he finished 27th. Later that season he was leading the Colonial Invitational after 54 holes before he stumbled through 13 bogeys to tie for eleventh. He needed comforting and he got it from his wife Jeanne, a former Miss Minnesota whom he had met when she was reigning queen of the 1966 St. Paul Open. "She got me out of my bad moods," he says. "When you play other sports, you've got someone to encourage you. But in golf you're all alone."

Now, with two children, a luxurious English Tudor-style home in Columbus, and lucrative endorsement offers rolling in, Weiskopf seems secure in the good life. During the 30 or so weeks out of the year that he is not playing in a tournament, he fishes with his own hand-tied lures and does his own reloading of rifle cartridges to hunt groundhogs and fox. His avowed goal is to achieve the grand slam of sheep hunting by bagging a Rocky Mountain big horn, a desert big horn, a Stone's sheep and a Dall. As for golf's grand slam—the P.G.A., Masters, U.S. and British Opens—he says: "The major champion-

ships are what golf is all about. If I can win a third of the 40 major tournaments over the next ten years, maybe I'll be considered the greatest golfer in the game. My best golf is yet to come."

Breiza-san Is a Hitto

Sitting in the dugout last spring, Head Coach Don Blasingame could see why the rival batters were lambasting his fastballing pitcher. Blasingame asked for time out and told the pitcher to throw more change-up pitches. The catcher, mistaking the instruction as criticism of his pitch-calling abilities, lost his temper and got into a shouting match with the coach. Fortunately, neither man could understand what the other was saying, for Blasingame was ranting in English while the catcher was ranting in Japanese. The first American ever to serve as the head coach of a professional Japanese baseball team, the monolingual Blasingame usually avoids such communications problems because he uses pidgin Japanese and sign language. An interpreter sits with him on the bench for emergencies.

In any tongue, Blasingame at 41 is now enjoying his greatest success—Oriental or Occidental. His Nankai Hawks of Osaka, a last-place team four years ago, won the first half of the 1973 split season and are assured of a place in the Pacific League's play-off.

Hero status is something new to Blasingame. He joined the Hawks as a second baseman in 1967 after a dozen so-so seasons with the St. Louis Cardinals and four other U.S. teams. Like many of the 16 Americans now playing *beisuboru* in Japan (league rules limit the

T. TAKUMA

BLASINGAME (RIGHT) WITH HAWKS PLAYER
As patient as a Japanese.

number of foreign players to two per team), he had to be rechristened so that Japanese fans could pronounce his name. Today Don Lee Blasingame of Corinth, Miss., is known throughout Japan as Breiza ("the Blazer," a nickname he earned with the Cardinals for his speed). "Breiza sounds snappy," says one of the Hawks' front-office men, "and even seems to evoke a spiritually stirring acoustical effect."

The Blazer nearly flamed out in 1969 when, after averaging 275 for three seasons in Japan, the Hawks released him. But then Katsuya Nomura was named player-manager and insisted that Blasingame be signed as head coach. "Breiza is the best teacher in Japanese baseball," says Nomura, who is too busy catching every day to concern himself with strategy. "All the play-by-play directions are in his hands."

As *de facto* manager, Blasingame tried to learn the language but found that "my teacher only taught me strictly formal Japanese when I needed a baseball way of talking." So he has adopted a kind of baseball interlingua. It was not too difficult, for many of Japan's basic terms are taken straight from Abner Doubleday's lexicon: an out is *outo*, a hit is *hitto*, a homer is *homma* and a batter is *a batta*. Blasingame also mastered such words as *masu-sugi* (straight), *tsuyoku* (strongly), *yuk-kuri* (slowly) and a lot of what might be called *base* Japanese. "A tiny gesture from Breiza," explains Hawk Outfielder Shuzo Aono, "and we more or less know what he is trying to tell us."

Err and Grin. Blasingame also had to familiarize himself with the idiosyncrasies of the Japanese game. It was most difficult for him to understand why fielders smile broadly after making errors. "At first," he says, "I was appalled. No more—that's their way of concealing embarrassment." Says Nomura: "Breiza is so patient that he is almost Japanese."

Blasingame's greatest contribution to the Hawks is teaching them to play percentages. He says: "I teach the very basic stuff, like when to gamble and when to play it safe, how to think ahead of the play, how not to be picked off." "Until Breiza came to coach us," says Nomura, "we played a strictly physical game. We threw, hit, ran and did almost nothing else. Breiza has made it a mental game for us."

The rewards are handsome. Blasingame admits to getting "more than what most major league coaches are paid [average \$27,500] in the U.S." But in addition, the Hawks also pay all of Blasingame's housing, travel and other expenses, except meals. He lives with his wife Sara (Miss Missouri, 1957) and their four children in a Western-style hilltop apartment overlooking the port city of Kobe. So popular is he that he has even had to learn the term *narande* (stand in line) to cope with the Japanese children who hound him for his autograph.

The Longest Walk

"Oh, what a view!" exclaimed Owen Garriott as he gazed down on the earth. Looking out into space, Jack Lousma was equally impressed: "There's nothing except a bit of light reflecting off the solar panels, a few stars and a half-moon." Both astronauts were outside Skylab, finally taking their long-postponed space walk. From inside the spaceship, Skylab Commander Al Bean sounded envious. "Well, you will surely remember this day for a long time," he said. Indeed they would. Before Garriott and Lousma re-entered the orbital laboratory last week, they had spent some 6½ hours outside—nearly doubling the endurance record for a space walk set only two months ago by the first Skylab team.

During their long stroll, the astronauts worked four hours successfully erecting a second sunshade to protect Skylab's bare spot (cabin temperatures dropped as much as eight degrees into the low 70s). They also reloaded their solar-telescope array with fresh film and set up a micrometeorite-measuring experiment. Meanwhile, Skylab continued to be plagued by glitches. A coolant leak was discovered in one air-conditioning system, and suspected in another. A short circuit briefly troubled the telescope mount. Several external lights, intended for use during the space walk, failed to work, as did a video-tape recorder and an automatic camera. Skylab's on-board teleprinter also broke down, but the astronauts were able to fix it.

Skylab's new difficulties caused a little soul-searching among NASA officials. Skylab Program Director William C. Schneider, for one, vigorously rejected the idea that the problems might have been caused by sloppy manufacturing or lax quality control resulting from NASA's recent economies. Chief Flight Controller Eugene Kranz agreed, but then added: "We'll never know until we get the darn things down and look at

them." There was one performance that no one could fault: a spider named Arabella, on board Skylab for a biological experiment, accommodated to space flight within only a day or two, learning to spin her complex geometric web in zero-G after only a few false starts. Said Garriott with a touch of envy: "She is a very fast learner indeed."

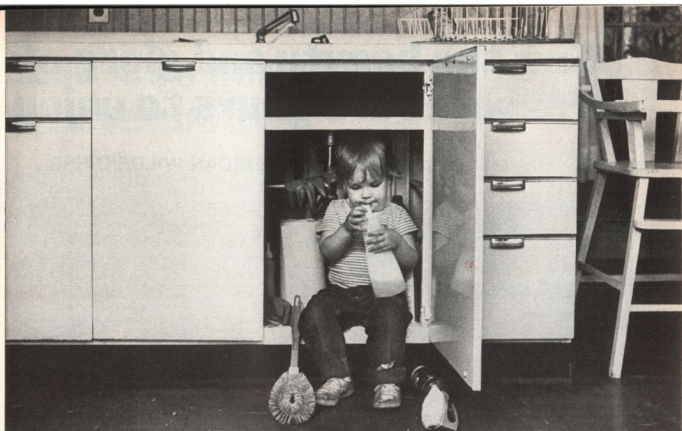
The Mars Quads

Every 25 months the planet Mars moves into a position that favors launches of spacecraft from earth. Three weeks ago, the Russians took advantage of that opportunity by sending two unmanned ships toward the red planet. Last week, as the latest Mars "window" was about to close, the Soviets surprised the scientific world by launching two more Mars-bound robots. It is the first time either the U.S.S.R. or the U.S. has sent so many simultaneous probes to another planet.

As usual, Tass was guarded; it reported that the purpose of the latest probes—Mars 6 and 7—was to investigate the neighboring world and its environment as well as interplanetary space in general. The ships are carrying a Russian-French experiment called Stereo, which is designed to measure solar and cosmic radiation. The announcement also noted that those readings would be carried out in conjunction with the previously launched probes. To Western observers, this suggested that two probes may attempt a soft landing to shoot television pictures and gather data on the Martian surface while the other two go into orbit around the planet. The two orbiters might then be used to relay information to earth from the landers as well as carry out a program of atmospheric and photographic observations similar to those made last year by the U.S.'s highly successful Mariner 9. If the past is any guide, the Russians will say little else about their goals until early next year, when the quadruplets reach the vicinity of Mars.

JACK LOUSMA DURING THE RECORD 6½ HOUR SPACEWALK





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New Caprice. If you're just plain tired of just plain driving.

There was a time when Chevrolet stood for economy and dependability because that was what people wanted most in the cars they drove.

But, of course, people change, ideas change, and Chevrolet believes that there's always a better way.

We decided to blend all that we had learned about economy and dependability with luxury in a car called Caprice. Five years ago we had one

model. Today, we have five.

They all come with power steering, power front disc brakes, automatic transmission and 400-cu.-in. V8.

They all come with yards of insulation to help keep the ride quiet.

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proved front bumper system, molded full-foam seats, a distinctive grille unlike any other Chevrolet's, new colors, new fabrics and one of the most comfortable steering wheels you've ever taken hold of.

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Caprice.

The Caprice luxury line also now includes the 4-door sedan, sport sedan, convertible and estate wagon.



Chevrolet

**1973 Chevrolet.
Building a better way
to see the U.S.A.**

Anger in Alaska

Ever since 1906, when Conservationist-President Teddy Roosevelt imposed a ban on coal mining in Alaska to help preserve its natural grandeur, many Alaskans have harbored a deep resentment against the "meddling outsider"—especially the Federal Government in Washington, D.C., and "anti-development" conservationists. The recent oil-pipeline controversy, in particular, has turned resentment into outright antagonism and given new impetus to a budding secessionist movement.

Focal point of Alaskans' frustrations has been the San Francisco-based Sierra Club, which is the state's most

papers bulge with oil company ads touting development, and cars from Juneau to Anchorage sport "Sierra Go Home" bumper stickers. Pro-industry coloring books, buttons and pamphlets appear in grocery stores and churches. "Our only mistake," admits Dave Murdey, 52, vice president of Ketchikan Pulp Company, "was not starting our propaganda war sooner. There's a place for Sierra Club—hell, we used to pour motor oil into the water every time we cleaned a boat's engine. We need rules, but we also need responsibility."

Anti-Sierra sentiment is strongest along the North Slope, where oil wells remain capped. "People down south worry more about the ice than they do

of the publicity Sierra puts out simply isn't true," says Charles Gass, 39, a Tongass National Forest Service ranger. "According to the Sierra Club, clear-cutting is supposed to hurt the soil, but by allowing sunlight to help decay forest litter, you add humus to the soil." The club privately admits it is worried by the hostility. "Maybe we overplayed our hand," concedes one Anchorage member. "If so, it could result in a real disaster."

One remarkable result of the backlash is a widespread movement for independence, led by feisty Fairbanks Real Estate Developer Joe Vogler, 60. The Committee for Alaskan Independence has gathered 11,000 signatures since February and expects thousands more. Vogler reasons that Alaska has more in common with such independent developing nations as Zambia, El Salvador and Tanzania than with the U.S. "We are a colony, geographically removed," says Vogler. "We're a different people with different circumstances, and we're tired of being treated like a warehouse and a vacation preserve."

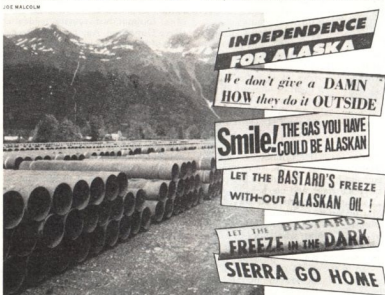
Secessionists already have plans for coining money, leasing land to the U.S. for military bases, and applying to the U.N. for development funds. Federal officials in Alaska can find nothing illegal in Vogler's scheme, and proponents estimate that secession is fiscally feasible with income from taxes and oil royalties. "Washington bureaucrats and Lower 48 conservationists have run this state long enough," says Vogler. "It's time Alaska's residents took control. With our resources, how could we fail?"

Icebergs for the Desert

Over the years, the idea of using Antarctic icebergs as a source of fresh water has been widely ridiculed by scientists. Now, however, the scheme has won some prestigious support; a Government report describes it as "both technologically feasible and economically attractive."

The authors of the report are Wilford Weeks of the U.S. Army Cold Regions Research Laboratory and William Campbell of the U.S. Geological Survey. They envision "supertrugs," perhaps nuclear-powered, hauling 20-mile-long islands of ice from the Antarctic to parched coastal regions of South America and Australia. They calculate that as much as 60% to 70% of an iceberg would remain unmelted after a slow trip lasting as long as six months. Upon reaching port, the iceberg could be chopped up and melted. The estimated cost of iceberg water: only about 1% that of desalinated sea water.

*Arctic icebergs, normally far smaller, would probably melt away before reaching Northern Hemisphere processing points.



STACKED PIPE FOR OIL PIPELINE & SAMPLING OF BUMPER STICKERS
Time for Alaska's residents to take control?

successful conservation group. Although the club was not a party to the suit that has held up construction of the pipeline for four years, its aggressive attitude and legal success in southeastern Alaska have caused it, according to Sierra Staffer Jack Hession, "to catch the flak for everybody." Among its recent achievements: forcing logging companies to file environmental impact statements before they can cut trees in remote areas of the Tongass National Forest, delaying construction of several highways, and halting plans for a huge pulp and saw mill near Juneau.

Although environmentalists in the "Lower 48" states view these moves as victories, many Alaskans interviewed by TIME Correspondent David DeVoss call them disasters. In a state where unemployment averages 9.6% and the cost of living is 37% higher than in the rest of the U.S., less value is attached to saving virgin forests or bleak tundra. News-

about the people up here," complains Vic Vickery, 35, an assistant drilling superintendent for British Petroleum. "We can't even have a gun here to protect ourselves against bears. We had four grizzlies come in the other day and we had to chase 'em off with a fork lift."

Others agree that conservationist demands often seem unreasonable in an Alaskan context. "As long as they stuck to protecting the environment, the Sierra Club was a very worthwhile organization," says Chuck Evans, vice president of the First National Bank of Anchorage. "But when they start attacking progress and profit, they're out of their realm." One bumper sticker puts it more crudely: "Let the bastards freeze in the dark."

Particularly infuriating to Alaskans have been the occasional exaggerations made by some environmentalists—most often in the pipeline controversy. "A lot



HOWARD & WILLIAMS IN "GRAFFITI"

Fabulous '50s

AMERICAN GRAFFITI

Directed by GEORGE LUCAS
Screenplay by GEORGE LUCAS, GLORIA
KATZ and WILLARD HUICK

Small towns and the 1950s had this in common: many people wanted to get out of both. Then, at a safe distance of miles and years, a certain nostalgia began inching its way into memory like a balm. In recent years several entertainments have distilled that nostalgia—*The Last Picture Show*, for example, and the Broadway musical *Grease*. But none have had the vigor and precision of *American Graffiti*. This superb and singular film catches not only the charm and tribal energy of the teen-age 1950s but also the listlessness and the resignation that underscored it all like an incessant bass line in one of the rock-'n'-roll songs of the period.

The movie is cast in the mold of one of those teen-age escapade flicks with which American International Pictures used to stock the drive-ins during the late 1950s and the '60s. This allows Lucas to mock, carefully and compassionately, the conventions and stereotypes of a genre as well as a generation. All the details are here, from the do-whop music and lovingly customized cars to the slang, which hovered between Ivy League and street gang, and the clothes, which seemed, like the time, both shapeless and confining. Even the jokes come straight from AIP: "How'd you like a knuckle sandwich?" inquires a hood of a nervous, bespectacled sad sack outside the local hamburger drive-

in. "No, thanks," says the sad sack. "I'm waiting for a double Chubby Chuck."

Graffiti was shot in Techniscope, a wide-screen process that yields the authentic sandpaper grain of the AIP pictures, implying low budgets and quick takes. The vital difference is that *Graffiti* was photographed by Haskell Wexler, that most subtle and agile of cameramen. Most of the action takes place at night under harsh light and neon, a landscape that Wexler turns into extravagantly impressionistic honky-tonk images of glaring, insistent beauty.

Set in a small California town in 1962—the proper, if not the chronological, end of the 1950s—*Graffiti* provides a series of vignettes of the last night of summer. On the following day two of the local boys (Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard) are set to leave for college. Howard and his girl (Cindy Williams) are surrogates for AIP's Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello, the straight-arrow guy and his girl, the latter a believer in early marriage and eternal obligation. Comic relief is provided by Charlie Martin Smith as the sad sack, and a glimpse into the classic cruising style by Paul Le Mat, who slides down the street in an unbeatable car, his hair in an unruffled d.a., his pack of Camels rolled in the sleeve of his T shirt. The greaser villains, led by Bo Hopkins, have the traditional approach to any problem in interpersonal relations: "Tie him to a car and drag him." The scenes between these young people and the girls they fall in with or fall for (notably Candy Clark and Mackenzie Phillips) are mostly funny, but they leave a lingering melancholy.

The characters seem locked in—to careers, to whole lives. The only one who will break out is Dreyfuss, smarter and more sensitive than the others but careful not to show it. His high school teacher tells him of the time he left town to go to college but came back after only a semester ("I wasn't the competitive type"); the scene captures the slightly anxious self-deceptions that Dreyfuss's contemporaries will soon be using. Dreyfuss climbs aboard his plane for college still carrying a radio tuned to the favorite local station. The radio plays until he is in the air and finally out of range, and the crackle of static is his first intimation—though he does not know it—of freedom.

Lucas is a young film maker whose only other feature was *THX-1138*, a cool, cautionary science-fiction tale re-

leased in 1970. It established him as a director of great technical range and resource. *Graffiti* reveals a new and welcome depth of feeling. Few films have shown quite so well the eagerness, the sadness, the ambitions and small defeats of a generation of young Americans. Bitchin', as they said back then. Superfine.

■ Jay Cocks

Oil Slick

OKLAHOMA CRUDE
Directed by STANLEY KRAMER
Screenplay by MARC NORMAN

Oklahoma Crude is a dry hole. Handsomely shot, with a textbookish attention to period details, it is the story of a foulmouthed female wildcatter (Faye Dunaway). Against the depredations of the big oil interests, she defends a well that she is convinced is worth a fortune. In this she is aided by a tough drifter (George C. Scott) and her gentle father (John Mills), and besieged by the senior tough on the gang trying to overrun her claim (Jack Palance).

Neither suspenseful nor novel enough in its action sequences to make it as an adventure film, *Crude* is also not funny enough to make it as a comedy. Director Kramer and Writer Norman attempt to jerk it to life with sadism (Dunaway beaten almost to death by Palance's mob), vulgarity (Scott urinating on Palance's boots during one of their confrontations) and an excess of bawdy language. But the prissy and self-consciously liberal Kramer seems, in this attempt at lustiness, rather like



SCOTT & DUNAWAY IN "CRUDE"
Attempt at lustiness.

a college chaplain deliberately swearing in order to seem like one of the boys; you don't believe what you're hearing, and you end up feeling rather sorry about his sellout.

Even walking through a standardized part, Scott has enough natural presence to compel an audience's attention, and it is always pleasant to see Palance doing his thing as an oily heavy, though no one will ever accuse him of being an actor who has grown with the years. Dunaway, however, is inadequate, and Mills is stray-sheepish. In the end, one is reduced to admiring the scenery while puzzling over the disparity between the film's slick physical production and smoothed-down dramatic style, and the historical moment it purports to examine: a time that was down and dirty and—well, crude.

■ Richard Schickel

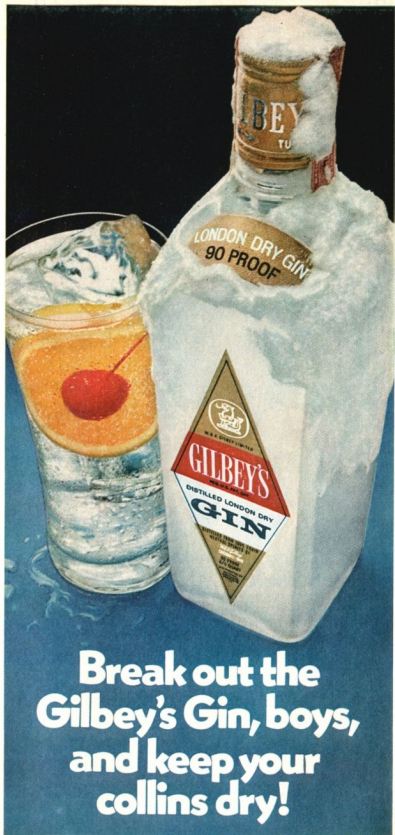
Quick Cuts

CAHILL: UNITED STATES MARSHAL is John Wayne, a Texas lawman who scours the Panhandle for bad guys while his two young sons languish at home, yearning for a little fatherly affection. The sons fall into bad company, get mixed up in a bank robbery and have to be extracted from their trouble by Duke, who promises to spend more time at home in the future. *Cahill* is a poky, disorganized sort of western, typical of the work of Andrew V. McLaglen (*The Way West*, *The Undefeated*), a director on whom Wayne seems to call as he might summon a foreman to keep an eye on his ranch. There are a great many saddle-sore jokes but occasional nice moments too, as when Wayne buffaloes his way through a lynching party. He also spars well with the kids, and he invests an absurdly sentimental recollection of Cahill's dead wife with enough rough dignity to make it pertinent and moving.

BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES once again pits simians against mankind in the fifth installment of a series that with any luck will not include a sixth. The humans are the scarred survivors of nuclear disaster, led by Severn Darden as the kind of consciously hammy villain that kids love to giggle at during the Saturday matinee. The apes make a curiously pallid bunch of heroes. Roddy McDowall, a veteran of three other *Ape* epics, appears as Caesar, the idealistic ape who led his species out of bondage to man with a few fiery speeches and some sensible ideas about equality. In *Battle*, Caesar is trying to turn his notions into a workable social philosophy. He is hassled not only by Darden and his dark forces but by his own comrades, especially a band of war-loving gorillas who are apparently supposed to symbolize the Pentagon. There is some mild fun in a ragtag convoy of bad guys who ride to battle in a couple of old cars and a battered school bus—all that remains of the visual stunts that distinguished earlier *Ape* efforts.

■ J.C.

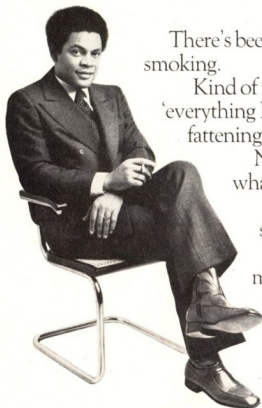
TIME, AUGUST 20, 1973



**Break out the
Gilbey's Gin, boys,
and keep your
collins dry!**

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 90 PROOF, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.
W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., DIST. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., N. Y. C.

Maybe you'll smoke them for the same reason I do.



There's been a lot of words in the papers about smoking.

Kind of reminds me of that old line—
'everything I like is either illegal, immoral, or fattening.'

Now I won't say that I wasn't hassled by what I read.

But, I just didn't want to give up smoking. I guess I enjoy it too much.

But it sure was enough to get me thinking.

So I tried one of those low 'tar' menthols. It was like sucking a straw of hot air.

Then I noticed that a lot of guys I knew smoked Vantage Menthol.

Its special filter didn't make Vantage the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol. Just the lowest they enjoyed.

So I tried it, and liked it. And discovered something else I liked, too. The tobacco taste comes through the menthol.

Now I can feel I'm still smoking a cigarette. Not a piece of menthol candy.

If you like Vantage Menthol as much as I do, you could wind up writing their next ad.

Aubrey De Souza
Aubrey De Souza
New York, New York

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine—
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73.

MODERN LIVING

The New Cuisine: Eating Without Going Broke

Diane Hackett, a La Grange, Ill., housewife, recently bought a live lamb for \$10 and last weekend was headed for a farm where she intended to purchase a cheap goat. Mrs. Hackett is not after pets for her eight children; she plans to barbecue the goat. Lydia Galton of New York City recently performed the bloody job of slicing 100 lbs. of liver; it was her turn to serve as distributor for the food co-op she and her neighbors have organized. In Dallas Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hollon have taken to growing wheat in their front yard and vegetables out back.

These are just a few of the measures being taken by people who want to continue to eat well without going broke during the nation's worst food-price inflation in 26 years. Across the U.S. this summer, the budget-conscious have been learning gardening, fishing for dinner, hoarding bargains when they can be found, seeking recipes that make cheap or unusual food palatable, and changing their style of entertaining.

The challenges of scarcity and rocketing prices are bringing out old-fashioned ingenuity along with the complaints, evoking a pioneer atmosphere in which acquiring victuals is once again an important matter even for the affluent. Kirsten Lumpkin, the wife of a Seattle construction man, bought a side of beef in company with some neighbors and has been canning her own fruit. "It's unsettling," she said last week while preparing to make sauerkraut for the first time in her life. "All of a sudden, eating has become sort of a focal point, and I think that's too bad."

In Berkeley, Anita Davidsen, a graduate student's wife, looks at it differently. "Now," she said, after learning to grow and can vegetables, "I can imagine how satisfying it was for great-grandmother—over a hot stove all day but socking away 30 quarts of what ever. I'm canning things to give away as Christmas gifts."

Freezer Run. The bargain hunters seem to fall into two camps: those determined to eat as much meat as ever and others willing to use high-protein alternatives to some extent. Mrs. Hackett, the lamb-and-goat lady from La Grange, speaks for the carnivores: "I know there are a lot of women who are going to ride it out with eggs and cheese, but I want meat."

She and her husband Jim, a computer-data trainee, have made a science of obtaining meat. Diane scouts out farmers willing to sell an animal cheap. After the farmer takes care of the slaughtering, her husband butchers the carcass. Next month the Hacketts plan to visit Mississippi, where a relative will sell them two pigs for \$10 each.

The Hacketts are among the thou-

sands of Americans who have recently bought a home freezer (theirs has a capacity of 1,700 lbs.). That run on freezers has made them as hard to get as the beef they are intended to hold; some appliance stores are sold out completely, and others report sales increases of between 50% and 200% over last year.

With beef cattle currently the scarcest commodity of all, some people—a tiny minority, to be sure—are willing to turn to the horse. Carlson's, a butcher shop in Westbrook, Conn., that recently converted to horsemeat exclusively, now sells about 6,000 lbs. of the stuff a day. The cuts have the same names and shapes as beef but cost half as much. The savings will grow when beef prices shoot up again next month.

Horsemeat has relatively little fat and therefore requires marinating or basting. It also must be salted down to remove its excessive sweetness. People put off by the idea of horsemeat may be consoled by its low cholesterol content. Carlson's does not intend to rest on its present success. It is bringing out a line of horsemeat cold cuts and plans to produce a horsemeat cookbook soon. Supermarkets in Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania are introducing rabbits, whole or precut, at prices ranging from \$1.19 to \$1.48 per lb. A Portland chain has begun to sell buffalo meat.

Dawn Purchases. Bulk buying by groups of families was an established way of saving money long before the current price problem, and now the co-op approach is more popular than ever. Manhattan's New School for Social Research is even offering a course on how to run a co-op. No matter how much book learning co-op members acquire, success still depends on hard work. A buyer typically must visit wholesale markets at dawn, inspect large quantities of merchandise and be wary of bad buys. Members must also store, divide and distribute the food. Says Judy Bendewald, a member of Manhattan's twelve-family West Village Co-op: "You get a saving, but when the food comes to you it is filthy and right from the farm. Lettuce, spinach, Swiss chard—they've got to be scrubbed." But the savings seem worth it. Last week at a New York City supermarket, for example, shoppers paid \$1.09 per lb. for roasting chicken, while co-ops in the same city paid only 92¢. Eggs selling for 95¢ a dozen in the supermarket went for 65¢ at the co-op.

For those with less zeal for challenges, the search is on for meatless alternatives. Many housewives who previously served one tuna or pasta dinner a week now make three or four such meals. The soybean has come into its own either as a blend with chopped beef or as a substitute. Diana Young, an au-



BUFFALO-STEAK SALE IN VANCOUVER, WASH.



MRS. JACK HOLLON IN HER WHEAT YARD

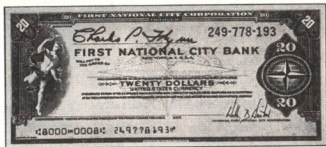


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YOUR CAR IS COVERED.
YOUR LIFE IS COVERED.**



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PRESENTING: COVERED MONEY.



**HOW DO FIRST NATIONAL CITY
TRAVELERS CHECKS COVER
YOUR MONEY?**

Completely, that's how. 100% refund in case of loss, theft, fire, floods, storms, or mysterious disappearance.

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Ask for them at your bank—in your home town. In short, just about anywhere.

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First National City Travelers Checks.

thor and a gardening authority in Burlington, Vt., serves what she calls "the fooler": a mixture of dried soybeans, onions, cooked rice, bread crumbs, eggs and seasoning that she cooks in oil. Lou Napoli of Atlanta may get the year's optimistic prize with her offering of "peanut-butter chops." She mixes peanut butter, bread crumbs, onions, eggs and rice for baking in a casserole. Peanut butter, of course, is most pliable, and the dish's resemblance to chops depends on the cook's sculpting ability. In any event, it is very rich in protein. Peanut-butter soup is another nutritious possibility. The cookbooks that are most in demand these days are paperbacks specializing in low-cost items. A book-let called *The Penny-Pinching Wisdom of General Owl*, for instance, recommends "doggy bag casserole," made, of course, with old bones.

Zucchini Preserves. The fastest-spreading countermeasure to inflation seems to be gardening. In cities, suburbs and the countryside, people are seeking out vacant plots and turning lawns into cabbage patches. There has been nothing like it since the World War II victory-garden movement. The Jack Hollons of Dallas are among the most present and ambitious of the amateur farmers. Anticipating a wheat shortage last fall, they planted a tenth of an acre—their front yard—last fall. They even tried to mill the wheat themselves but had problems. So they took their 100-lb. crop to a commercial miller, and Mrs. Hollon is still baking sour-dough bread and making whole-wheat pancakes with the flour. Jack Hollon, a math teacher, estimates that the wheat crop and their vegetable garden have saved the family only about \$50 so far. But the Hollons and their two young children are having fun with small-time farming.

Some amateurs are surprised by the yield and variety that can be coaxed from a small plot. Mrs. Penny Lynn, a Berkeley schoolteacher with two children, has been raising such exotic items as snow peas, Japanese eggplant and coriander in her front yard, as well as carrots, beets, tomatoes and parsley. "We had so much lettuce," she said, "that we had to give it away." The College of Agricultural Sciences at Berkeley has for years offered the families of graduate students the use of small plots of land for farming. This season there is a waiting list. The school's soil is so rich and free of insects that first-time farmers are bringing in bonanza crops. The wife of an astronomy student produced such a surplus of zucchini that she is now making zucchini marmalade.

Enterprising as many of the economy measures are, they lack the simplicity of the Fain family's approach. Said Ed Fain, an Atlanta supermarket executive: "My wife is giving me one egg instead of two, one sausage patty instead of two and adding mushroom sauce to make me think that I'm getting a lot." That way, one can save calories as well as cash.

Sallying Forth

I remember every time I went to a new school when I was a little girl, I tried so hard to impress the teacher that I became an "A" student as soon as I possibly could. I learned awfully early that somebody's first impression of you is usually the lasting one.

—Sally Quinn, in a CBS News publicity release

Prim and tailored in a plain striped blouse, she bit her lip nervously and read the news off the TelePrompTer in an arid monotone. "Wouldn't you know the first day I come on television I start out with a sore throat and a fever?" Sally Quinn apologized to viewers. (Two hours before air time she had been in the hospital.) "Well, a fever is all right as long as it doesn't make you delirious," sympathized CBS Correspondent Hughes Rudd. "Actually there have been a lot of people on television who were delirious—they're usually running for public office."

Unfortunately, Quinn's debut last week on the revamped *CBS Morning News* was not delirious in any sense. The show's former anchor men, the no-nonsense team of John Hart and Nelson Benton, had failed to attract a big enough audience compared with NBC's 22-year-old juggernaut of the morning schedule, the *Today Show* (an estimated 1.7 million viewers v. 5.2 million). In an effort to pep up the ratings, the network created a more relaxed format, with more room for ad-libbing.*

A wry, tough-minded novelist and correspondent, the gravel-throated Rudd is a 14-year veteran of the CBS News Service. Quinn, 32, was hired (at a reported \$75,000 per year) from the style section of the *Washington Post*, where she was known for aggressive reporting and a caustic wit. ("Poison Quinn," Norman Mailer dubbed her.)

On her first show, Quinn migrated a report on child labor among migrant workers with this comment: "I can remember when my mother and father wanted me to clean my room—I thought that was child labor." After a segment about Chesapeake Bay's contaminated clams, she recalled covering a crab derby in Maryland. As the week went on Quinn lapsed less frequently into such limpness; she laughed more easily and appeared to gain confidence.

*ABC-TV has also announced plans to get into the morning competition with a new show, probably mixing news with entertainment, some time in 1974.

TELEVISION

Future weeks may bring further improvement. Surprisingly, none of the first five shows capitalized on Quinn's talent for interviews.

Overall, the first impression was a letdown after the advance publicity that suggested Quinn would threaten *Today Show* hostess Barbara Walters' ten-year feminine hegemony on early-bird TV. Even with such a smashing blonde anchor person it was a cheeky assumption for CBS to make, especially when that anchor person's previous television experience was mainly as an assistant to CBS News President Richard Salant during the 1968 conventions—and as a onetime guest on Walters' *Not For Women Only*. Little wonder that on a publicity tour for the new show, one interviewer greeted Quinn acidly



RUDD & QUINN AT STUDIO IN NEW YORK
A penchant for making news.

with: "Your roots are showing."

In a *New York* magazine profile by Quinn's former *Post* colleague (and now former friend) Aaron Latham, she was portrayed as a sassy bundle of ambition who was more interested in capital sex than politics. Quinn called the story an "incredible hatchet job" and attributed it to *New York* Editor Clay Felker's resentment because she recently turned down a job offer from him. According to Quinn, Felker said, "Sally, you were born to be a star, and you should have let me make you one," then slammed down the phone. Replies Felker: "Sally is a goddamn liar."

Quinn has a penchant for making news as well as reporting it, and her behavior sometimes invites squabbles like the *New York* magazine one. For four years, she has carried on a rather public liaison with Warren Hoge, city editor of the *New York Post*. Once, in an interview with another Washington newsmen, she proudly described her

TELEVISION

story about Iran's Empress Farah this way: "It took me four days to get the interview, and then I had to promise my body over and over to the higher-ups."

The daughter of a retired Army general, Quinn's peripatetic "Army-brat" life caused her to attend 22 schools before she graduated from Smith College in 1963. She intended to be "a famous movie star" but gave it up after only six weeks of trying to be an actress in New York. Over the next few years, she worked as a go-go girl, a public relations agent for a Coney Island animal husbandry exhibit, and social secretary to the Algerian Ambassador in Washington. The story of her subsequent hiring by the Washington Post may contain a moral for those who would make too much of her present lack of background in TV. "Can you show me something you've written?" asked Managing Editor Benjamin Bradlee. "I've never written anything," admitted Quinn. Pause. "Well," said Bradlee, "nobody's perfect."

Pint-Sized Pitchman

If you pinched his ample jowls and told him he was cute, he would probably kick you in the shins. Not that Mason Reese, a red-headed seven-year-old who looks uncannily like a 3-ft., 8-in. Arthur Godfrey, is an unfriendly chap. It is simply that Mason does not like to be embarrassed. All that fuss about his being on TV commercials, for example. When other kids recognize him on the street, he would rather play ball than sign autographs. He is suspicious of interviews. He squinted up at one reporter and said, "You're here to look into my brain, aren't you?"

In 1970, when Mason could barely lisp the word detergent, an advertising woman who lived in the same Manhattan apartment building as his parents auditioned him for an Ivory Snow commercial. He got the job. The first week the tape was telecast the manufacturer received 400 letters—for Mason. After three years of amiably declaiming the virtues of Underwood Chicken Spread, Post Raisin Bran and other products in his preternaturally deep, adenoidal voice, Mason has a fan club and a five-figure savings account, and this year won a Clio award at the American TV and Radio Commercials Festival for the best male performance in a television commercial. Last month New York's WNBC-TV offered him a spot as a children's news correspondent.

All of which is but a casual sideline to Mason. His real passion is magic. Whenever he does a commercial, his parents allow him to pick out a toy (top price: \$8.99), and he invariably chooses some magic trick. Between takes on the set he demonstrates his prowess to the crews, and they in turn have taught him to play cards.

When the camera is rolling, Mason's reactions are highly professional. He has an instinctive sense of where to

stand and how to move, and he often translates scripts into his own words to make them sound more childlike. "I suspect that Mason will become another Peter Ustinov or Orson Welles," says Andy Dole, producer of the Underwood Chicken Spread commercial. "He has a directorial sense already."

Mason's parents do not want commercials to dominate his life, even though both of them have had brushes with show business. His father William, a partner in a marketing services company, once designed theater sets. His mother Sonja is a former film and TV actress. So far, Mason has made ten commercials, causing little interruption of his normal round of activities at



MASON REESE IN UNDERWOOD AD



RELAXING BETWEEN TAKES
Crops with the crew.

home and his classes at St. Michael's Montessori School, where he is about to enter third grade.

This is fine with Mason, since he does not intend to become a newscaster or director but a detective when he grows up. Recently, during the shooting of an Underwood commercial, Mason showed his insight into the criminal mind in the great Cookie Caper. Consigned by his mother to a low-calorie diet, he conspired with Producer Dole to procure some cookies baked in the studio kitchen. Drawing a diagram of the studio, Mason plotted a path to the refrigerator. Between takes, while Dole distracted his mother, Mason sneaked along the prearranged route and snatched the cookies. The plan went smoothly until Mason and Dole met behind the kitchen to split the loot. "Sorry," Mason told his partner, "I only got one—and it's for me."

MILESTONES

Married. Anthony Perkins, 41, veteran actor (*Look Homeward, Angel*; *Catch-22*) and new hit screenwriter (*The Last of Sheila*), and Berintha (Berry) Berenson, 25, fashion photographer and granddaughter of legendary Paris Couturière Schiaparelli; both for the first time; in Wellfleet, Mass. A baby is expected in January, as the couple have joyfully announced.

Died. Dr. George Wiley, 42, black welfare-rights leader who gave up an academic career in organic chemistry for a life of social action; presumed dead by drowning in a boating accident in Chesapeake Bay. Dr. Wiley left Syracuse University to serve as associate national director of CORE from 1964 until 1966, when he resigned to establish the National Welfare Rights Organization. Its goal was expanding legal rights for welfare recipients, and it won for them such reforms as the right to privacy and the elimination of residency requirements.

Died. Maxwell ("Mack") Kriendler, 65, former president of New York's elegant "21" Club, who boasted of knowing 50,000 people by name; of pneumonia while under treatment for cancer; in Manhattan. Kriendler, a colonel in the U.S. Air Force during World War II, was for years the host at the world-famous restaurant that began as a speakeasy and became a clublike haven for celebrities, racing gentry and tycoons. The restaurant features the world's costliest hamburgers, an impressive cellar and a murky bar area decorated with scale-model beer trucks and airplanes. Mack Kriendler determined nightly which of the 50,000 sat in splendor at the bar or the main dining room and which were relegated to the limbo of the second floor Bottle Room.

Died. Fulgencio Batista y Zaldívar, 72, Cuban dictator and twice President between 1933 and his overthrow by Fidel Castro in 1959; of a heart attack; in Guadalupe, Spain. Born into the lower classes, Batista joined the army in 1921 and learned its inner workings by transcribing the political trials held in the regime of Gerardo Machado. In 1933 he seized control of the army and the country in a bloodless—but genuine—"sergeants' revolution." But he soon learned the lavish ways of Latin dictators: gambling and prostitution flourished in Havana while government officials built monumental bank accounts from sugar deals with the U.S. In an ill-considered play for popularity, Batista released hundreds of political prisoners in 1955; one of them, Fidel Castro, put together the Communist revolution that ousted him. He settled in exile with his fortune and his family in Portugal.



High wire artist demonstrates Torino's incredibly smooth ride.



Just released:
Gran Torino 2-door
hardtop with new Luxury
Decor Package.

**It took a lot more than a smooth ride to make
Ford Torino the best selling car in the mid-size field.**

The closer you look, the better we look.



Surprising luxury in a mid-size car. Pictured above is the interior of the Gran Torino with Luxury Decor Package.



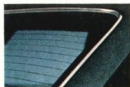
Optional AM/FM stereo
radio with front and rear
dual speakers.



Torino's instrument panel. All gauges are easy to read, controls within easy reach of driver.



Front disc brakes are standard on Torino. Power front disc brakes optional.



Optional electric rear window defroster. (Torino's major competitor doesn't offer it.)



Torino offers optional steel-bellied radial ply tires on all models.



A longer wheelbase and wider front and rear track than major competitor, for a smooth, stable ride.

Behind Torino's smooth ride are better ideas in engineering. Like angle mounted shock absorbers for increased directional stability. Rubber body/frame mounts that help isolate the passenger compartment from road shocks. And a coil spring rubber insulated front suspension that minimizes noise and road vibration.

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The solid mid-size car.

FORD TORINO

FORD DIVISION





**The Bacardi Screwdriver.
The Bacardi Monkey Wrench.
Fix 'em up.**

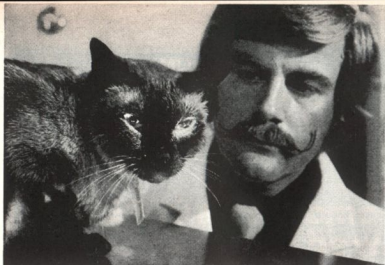
Here's a basic home tool kit. It's designed especially for do-it-yourself jobs on your taste buds.

What you see is all you need. A bottle of Bacardi light rum and orange juice for the Screwdriver. Or grapefruit juice for the Monkey Wrench.

One sip of either will tell you that Bacardi has a subtle flavor that doesn't get lost in juice.

So get to work and enjoy yourself.

BACARDI® rum. The mixable one.



VETERINARIAN WILLIAM HARDY EXAMINING LEUKEMIC CAT

MEDICINE

Clue from the Cat

Is cancer contagious? Only a few years ago, most doctors would have answered this question with an emphatic "No!" Now their replies are likely to be less dogmatic. Researchers have long suspected that cancer viruses can be passed genetically from parents to offspring in both animals and humans. A team of veterinarians and cancer researchers headed by Dr. William D. Hardy Jr., 33, of New York's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, has just reported in *Nature* that among cats, at least, one animal can infect another with the virus that causes leukemia.

Feline leukemia virus (FeLV) was first identified in 1964 by a Scotsman named William Jarrett; it has since been determined that FeLV can be found in 90% of all cats with leukemia-like illnesses. But this is the first large-scale study showing that it could be spread from one cat to others. That fact is significant both for veterinary and human medicine. Leukemia occurs in cats about 2½ times as often as it does in man. Furthermore, says Hardy, "dogs and cats live with us. They are under the same household stresses and are exposed to the same environmental problems. They often eat the same food. They are also less inbred and thus closer to human genetic patterns than laboratory mice."

Clustered Cases. The team's discovery was triggered by the observation that feline leukemia tends to occur in clusters; when one cat in a household comes down with the disease, other unrelated animals develop it too. Intrigued by this pattern of illness, Hardy and his colleagues began testing as many cats as they could for the presence of FeLV, which is carried in platelets, an important blood component, and in white blood cells.

The tests, made at Manhattan's An-

imal Medical Center, the A.S.P.C.A., and Boston's Angell Memorial Hospital, seem to provide convincing evidence that feline leukemia is contagious. Simple blood tests made on 1,462 apparently healthy pet cats from disease-free households showed that only two cats carried FeLV. But of 543 cats from FeLV-infected households, 177 harbored the virus, and many of these later developed leukemic disease. Of the 148 cats from this group that researchers continued to study, 35, or 23.7%, died within six months—24 of them from leukemia, 11 from an FeLV-related anemia. The normal leukemia incidence for the general cat population over the same period is 18.3 cases per 100,000 animals, or .018% for the group studied. Thus the actual incidence of leukemia was about 900 times greater than expected.

Lethal Litter. Hardy has found FeLV in cat blood, saliva and urine; he believes that the animals may spread the virus through their fighting and mating habits, which involve biting, and their grooming practices, which include using their tongues for bathing themselves and their companions. But he also believes that litter boxes are a possible source of the lethal disease. He points out that while many cat owners keep more than one cat, few have more than one box for their animals.

Though infection with FeLV can be fatal for cats, Hardy stresses that humans have little to fear from their pets, even if the animals are found to carry the virus. There is no evidence to date that FeLV can infect humans. But this does not mean that so-called horizontal transmission of cancer is confined to cats. Studies in New York (*TIME*, June 28, 1971) have shown that Hodgkin's disease, a cancer of the lymphatic system, occasionally occurs in more-than-coincidental clusters, and suggest that in rare cases the disease may be infec-

tious. An outbreak that affected eight children in Illinois more than a decade ago has stirred similar speculation about leukemia. Hardy's study can only strengthen the suspicion that human cancer viruses, none of which have been positively identified, could be passed from one person to another.

But there is also a bright side to the work of Hardy's group; it raises hope that virus-caused cancers in humans may some day be controlled. Team members are already seeking to develop a vaccine against FeLV. Once human cancer viruses are identified, it may be possible to apply similar techniques to battle them.

Capsules

► Athletes often credit an outstanding performance to a "second wind"—a sudden burst of energy that seems to occur after fatigue has set in. But two University of Utah researchers have apparently shown that there is really no second wind. Nyles Humphrey and Robert Ruhling, of the University's department of physical education, asked 26 men between the ages of 18 and 25 to run on an inclined treadmill at a constant speed of 7.5 m.p.h. until their heart rates reached 180 beats per minute or they became fatigued. Fourteen of the stationary runners said that they experienced second wind, while twelve did not. But in neither group could the doctors measure any significant physical changes that would enable the runners to perform better or longer. Their findings thus confirm what many athletes have long suspected: in sports, the head is as important as the body.

► How can a person determine if he is a candidate for a heart attack or stroke? One way is to have a complete medical examination. Another is to play Risko, a simple game invented and distributed by the Michigan Heart Association and played on a board covered with numbered squares. Participants need merely find the squares that best describe them and then add up their scores. A player who does not smoke can award himself a zero. One who puffs two or more packs a day gets ten points. Seven points are given to all who are more than 50 lbs. overweight, one point to anyone who regularly exercises or does hard physical work, and eight to those who do not exercise at all. Players who score fewer than eleven points at Risko are assured that they have a good chance of avoiding stroke or heart attack. Those scoring more than 40 are warned: "Danger urgent. You must reduce your score." The task is more easily ordered than accomplished. Any player who really wants to can cut the risk factors of overweight, smoking or lack of exercise. But other scores are immutable. A player whose close relatives have died of heart disease is awarded up to seven points, and one who is over 60 years old gets eight points simply for having lived that long.

INFLATION

Just How High Is "Up"?

Every time the Agriculture Department tries to guess how high food prices will go this year, it gives consumers another nasty shock. The department started off last fall by predicting a 4 1/2% rise, later raised its estimate to 12%. Last week it confessed that even that figure was too low; it now calculates that food prices for all of 1973 will average a devastating 20% higher than 1972, making this year's rise the steepest since 1947. And that puts the expectation conservatively; if the average for the whole year is that much higher, food prices at the end of December could easily be 25% above those on Jan. 1.

The department's gloom was promptly confirmed by a startling leap in grain prices, which are now going up even faster than meat. Last week traders in the Chicago commodity pits sold wheat for future delivery at more than \$4 per bu.—the price was \$1.76 only a year ago—and corn for more than \$3 v. \$1.30 twelve months ago. Both records were as lofty to commodity traders as

Babe Ruth's total of 714 home runs once was to baseball buffs. Prices are almost sure to go higher still. In order to control speculation, commodity exchanges impose limits on how much prices can rise on any day; every morning a burst of frenzied activity pushes prices up to the limit within minutes after trading opens, and traders sit around idle the rest of the day because no one will sell until prices are permitted to rise again. Some traders believe that wheat could hit \$6 per bu. by the end of this month. That could add 9¢ to the price of a loaf of bread now selling for 27¢.

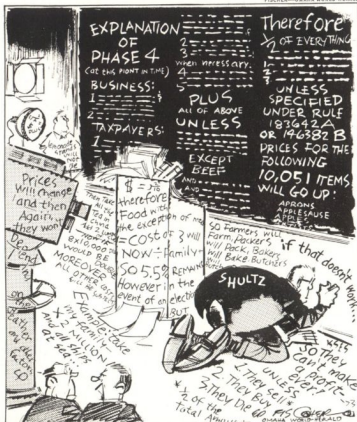
Prices are being pushed skyward by a worldwide commodity shortage (see following story). To increase output in the U.S., President Nixon last week signed into law a bill that Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz hailed as "a historic turning point" in U.S. farm policy. The measure frees farmers from any acreage controls, allows the prices they get to be set by supply and demand in the market, and guarantees

them cash payments if those now soaring prices should ever fall below target prices set by law. Meanwhile, foreigners are bidding successfully against domestic users for present supplies; with the crop year less than two months old, nearly half the total potential U.S. supply has been sold for export.


Some Administration economists are urgently recommending that export controls be slapped on grains as the only way to bring domestic prices down. Such controls were placed on soybeans and some other products last month. But top officials are reluctant to restrict wheat and corn shipments. They have been counting heavily on huge exports of farm goods to help shrink the U.S. balance of payments deficit. Some commodity experts believe anyway that only a total embargo on exports—which would mean holding back grain already committed for export—would break the price spiral. Less drastic controls might only anger foreign buyers without stopping the price rise.

Some Rollbacks. The inflation news can only get worse in the next few months. The freeze that President Nixon imposed in June created a backlog of price increases that sellers were not able to post, and more and more such increases will be made in the next few weeks. Under the complicated rules of Phase IV, most retail food prices can be raised now only to reflect higher costs of the raw farm products, but after Sept. 12 they can be boosted by additional amounts in order to pass on to consumers the increases in such other costs as transportation and food-industry wage rates. On the same day, the ceiling comes off beef prices—though by that time the freeze-triggered shortage may have emptied market shelves and packing houses. While petroleum remains tightly controlled, with the Administration even pledging to roll back gasoline and heating oil, the freeze on most non-food prices ended at midnight Sunday, and hundreds of companies that have sales of less than \$100 million will be raising prices on all sorts of goods this week (bigger companies have to give the Cost of Living Council 30 days' advance notice of price boosts). When recent sharp increases in mortgage interest rates are figured in, the consumer price index for August and September is likely to look as if it were climbing a cliff.

That, in turn, could inspire consumers to zip their pockets tightly and perhaps even pitch the nation into a severe recession. Administration officials recognize the dangers. Phase IV "is hanging by its thumbs," says one economist, and soaring food prices are likely to undermine public confidence in it altogether. But the officials do not see much that they can do other than enforce Phase IV rules strictly, wait for a cooling economy to ease price pres-



"We've come a long way since phase one."



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to any community reclamation center for all the used aluminum cans they can collect. We'll pay it because aluminum is a practical packaging material to recycle.

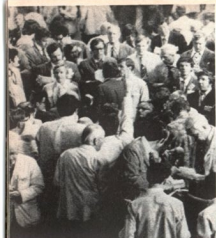
Alcoa would like to tell you how one community established its collection center.

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CHICAGO GRAIN PIT AT FRENZIED OPENING... AND DESERTED FLOOR SOON AFTER
Three-dollar corn, \$4 wheat and a memorandum of wager.

tures, and meanwhile indulge in some gallows humor. Last week Republican Senator Henry Bellmon of Oklahoma offered to bet that by Election Day in 1974, grain will be in substantial supply and growers, not consumers, will experience "price difficulty." Somewhat disconcertingly for consumers, his wager was taken by Butz, the man who presumably has the best information on supply and price trends—and who is betting that supplies will still be tight and prices high. The two deposited \$1 each with Senator Hubert Humphrey, under a "memorandum of wager" suggesting that Humphrey pay the winner \$2.25—to reflect current soaring interest rates.

SHORTAGES

The Worldwide Squeeze

The pinch on U.S. supplies of grain and beef is only part of a worldwide scarcity of raw materials. For almost every important commodity—meat, wheat, rice, soybeans, wool, cocoa, copper, lead, rubber—world production is falling behind ravenous demand, and hectic bidding for supplies is rocketing prices. A Reuters index of commodity prices leaped 91% in the twelve months ended July 30.

The shortages are tilting international balances of economic power, bringing new prosperity to such exporters of raw materials as Australia, Brazil and Argentina, and fanning inflation in the U.S., Europe and Japan. The situation stems largely from a temporary combination of foul weather for crops and metal miners' strikes in Chile and Zambia. But trouble may not be short-lived. World reserve stocks of many major farm goods have been so badly depleted that years of bumper harvests will be needed to rebuild them. The scarcities are also having a snowballing effect; a shortage in one commodity aggravates shortages in others. Example: a shift in the ocean currents off Peru has almost wiped out the catch of anchovies, a major source of animal feed. As a consequence, demand for soybeans

and corn to be fed to cattle and hogs has speeded up sharply, worsening shortages of those foods, and also of meat.

In several cases, the gap between world supply and demand does not seem great. But the effects are being magnified by two kinds of hoarding. Some exporting nations, including the U.S., are deliberately restricting worldwide shipments of scarce commodities in order to keep more of the supply for their own consumption; and some big importers, especially Japan, are desperately buying up all the commodities they can find. Among the major problems:

MEAT: World production rose only 1% last year, not enough to keep up with the increase in population—or the burgeoning demand in industrialized countries that are experiencing an inflationary boom. Output in the European Common Market actually dropped because of a blundering policy that encouraged farmers to reduce cattle herds in order to eliminate dairy-product surpluses.

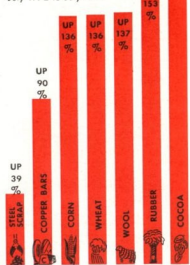
WHEAT: Total world exportable supplies are estimated to be anywhere from 48 to 62 million tons this year. At best, that will be down from last year's 69 million ton supply, and will fall short of global import demand calculated at 65 million tons. The Soviet Union will be buying wheat again because it is falling below its harvest target, though less disastrously than in 1972. The Common Market last month banned all exports of wheat from its nine member countries until further notice. Argentina, normally an exporter, bought wheat in the U.S. last week because it has over-committed its crop.

WOOL: A long period of low prices and drought cut the sheep flock in Australia, the major supplier, from 180 million in 1970 to 142 million last March. Since 1970-71, prices have soared from 92¢ per kg. to \$2.59.

RICE: This year's shortage could be the worst in a decade, and it has become a hot political issue in Asia. Thailand, the big exporter, restricted shipments after Bangkok residents rioted last month to protest zooming prices. In the Philippines, government officials say they will classify hoarding of rice

SOARING COMMODITIES

Percentage increase from
July 1972 to July 1973



TIME Chart by W. Horner

or profiteering as "economic sabotage"—a crime punishable by death.

That only begins the list. The scarcity and rising costs of scrap metal could cut steel production in many countries, including Italy and Argentina. Because of the short supplies and zooming prices of cocoa, America's 10¢ chocolate bar will be either cut down in size or boosted to 15¢.

The results of the scarcities vary wildly from nation to nation. Exports of high-priced wool, meat and wheat earned Australia a trade surplus of \$2.9 billion in the last fiscal year—more than double the record of the year before. Brazil's profits on high-priced soybeans and coffee, and Argentina's on meat, will more than offset costlier imports of cars, appliances and other finished goods.

On the other hand, the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization warns of possible food shortages in some of the poorest countries on earth: Bangladesh, Botswana and Swaziland, to name a few. And for the industrialized world, says Otto Eckstein, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, the commodity price "explosion" caused by shortages amounts to "an economic disaster of historical proportions." The U.S., which produces many of its own commodities, has not been the worst hurt; that unwelcome distinction goes to Japan, which must import nearly all of its raw materials. Last year Japanese trading houses ordered their agents to buy up all the commodities in sight at any price. They succeeded, but at the cost of aggravating one of the world's worst inflations (more than 11% annually). The

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Japanese have even offered to finance wool production in Australia and to buy now for cash at present prices all the soybeans that can be grown in the Brazilian state of Rio Grande do Sul for the next ten years. The Brazilians refused. They are betting that shortages will enable them to get even higher prices in years to come.

ANTITRUST

Cracking Big Rubber

The Justice Department's Antitrust Division has never been an object of affection in executive suites, and recently there has been less love lost than ever. Reason: it is seeking to shrink some of the nation's very biggest companies. In 1972 the division asked the federal courts to order a breakup of IBM. Now it is demanding that Goodyear and Firestone, two giants of the rubber industry, get rid of enough operations to make the tire business as competitive as it was in 1959—when Goodyear accounted for 23% of sales, against 28% now, and Firestone's share was 15%, v. a current 25%. Justice Department lawyers warn that the companies will not be able to do that merely by disposing of other concerns that they have acquired since 1959; they will have to shuck off other parts of their businesses too.

In separate suits filed last week in federal court in Cleveland, the Government accused the rubber companies of a pattern of predatory acts aimed at monopolizing the replacement-tire market. (The companies, it concedes, did not conspire with each other, but followed the same course independently.) Between 1959 and 1966, the suits allege, Goodyear and Firestone cut prices to levels that smaller competitors could not meet. When the rivals ran into financial trouble, the Government charges, the rubber giants bought them out in whole or part, took over their product lines and distribution networks—and jacked prices back up across the board. In this way Goodyear allegedly picked off six smaller competitors, and Firestone four.

Freeze-Outs. Goodyear and Firestone are also accused of freezing smaller firms out of large portions of the replacement-tire market by signing oil companies to so-called T.B.A. (for tires, battery and accessory) agreements. Under these, an oil company agrees to sell exclusively only one rubber company's tires through its gasoline stations in exchange for a commission from the tire manufacturer. Legal battling over such agreements began in 1951 when the Federal Trade Commission attacked a T.B.A. contract between Goodyear and Atlantic Richfield Co. In 1965 the Supreme Court upheld the FTC, and three years later, it held such contracts to be illegal in every instance.

Goodyear and Firestone officials

hotly retort that their companies increased their shares of the market merely by serving their customers well, and that the companies they acquired were incapable of surviving independently in a bitterly competitive business. Industry sources point out that Firestone bought out Seiberling Rubber Co., one of the acquisitions challenged by the Justice Department, only after getting feelers from the financially rocky firm. Lee Tire & Rubber had not produced a single tire in the past 30 months before it was acquired by Goodyear in 1966. Firestone issued a statement saying that the Government suit against it "is absurd and untenable and has no foundation in economics or law." In its view, traditional among antitrust defendants, the Government is merely trying to penalize size and success.

INVESTMENT

Selling Gloom

The U.S. economy's growth is slowing, the dollar is beleaguered, the stock market is shaky, and inflation ravages the land. Even President Nixon concedes that "confidence in our management of our fiscal affairs is low." But bad times are boom times for a special breed of economic forecaster who makes a living by predicting dire troubles and suggesting ways to avoid them.

These pessimists sell their advice through counseling services, newsletters and books. Like anyone else in the habit of making a great many predictions, sooner or later they are able to say, as they do now: "I told you so." Almost all of the scaremongers, for example, like to brag about having recommended that their clients buy gold coins or gold-mining shares, or make similar hedges against recession. With recent jumps in the prices of precious metals—gold coins have doubled in value in the past year—many of their clients have indeed made handsome profits. But the gloomy prognosticators soft-pedal the buying opportunities in bull markets. At the very least, though, the scaremongers have done handsomely for themselves. Among them:

► Eliot Janeway, often known as "Calamity Janeway," operates out of

an East Side Manhattan town house, has 1,800 subscribers who pay \$125 a year for his four-page Janeway Service, and 350 subscribers who pay \$550 a year for the single-page Janeway Letter plus the right to phone questions directly to Janeway. His two weekly publications alone yield a gross income of \$417,000. He correctly predicted the market plunges of 1962 and 1970, but was prominently quoted as forecasting that the Dow Jones industrials would plummet to 500 last year (the year's low was actually 889, and the high 1036). Janeway now argues that there was no time frame for that prediction;

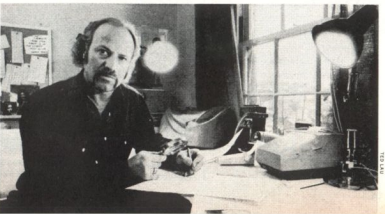
ELIOT ("CALAMITY") JANEWAY



COLONEL EDWARD HARWOOD



DOLLAR DOUBTER RUSSELL PITCHING WOE IN CALIFORNIA



The American Express Card



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at 25,000 Mobil Stations



Buys Batteries
at 25,000 Mobil Stations



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he still believes that "we'll have another test of the Dow Jones" in the 500 area. Pessimistic about stocks because interest rates are so high, he recommends that investors put their money instead into "debt securities with short maturities."

► Thomas J. Holt of New York City sells an advisory letter for \$144 a year to "several thousand" subscribers; he also has a portfolio management service for "a few hundred" clients, who pay Holt up to 2% of the funds that they invest. He thinks that gold—in coins or shares of mining companies—is one of the best investments. He recommends as well a few high-yielding utilities, notably those in rural areas, where soaring food prices will create a demand for more services for prospering farmers.

► Edward C. Harwood, a retired Army colonel, runs American Institute Counselors Inc., which employs ten investment advisers in Great Barrington, Mass. Harwood, 72, sees the dollar on the road to worthlessness as a result of three decades of inflating the money supply, but he refuses "to set a date for the collapse—we just say it's inevitable." Harwood claims that about 20,000 people subscribe to his \$15-a-year investment bulletin, and his firm manages about 600 portfolios. He says that clients who followed his advice have doubled the value of their investments in the past 18 months by buying gold coins and South African gold-mining stocks.

► James Dines, based in Manhattan, claims that he sells the weekly eight-page Dines Letter to "several thousand" subscribers at \$95 a year. Back in 1961, he predicted that gold would eventually rise to \$100 an ounce. Since it recently topped \$127, Dines predicts that it will soar to \$400 or more—notwithstanding gold's drop to \$107 in London last week.

► Richard Russell of La Jolla, Calif., would like to see the official price of gold rise as high as \$500 an ounce so that the value of U.S. gold reserves would soar and the Government could

use them to buy back the scores of billions of dollars now moving around overseas. "Until we do that," says Russell, "there will be nothing but speculation against the dollar." Russell publishes his Dow Theory Letters 36 times a year for about 5,000 subscribers, who pay \$75 a year for advice to stay largely liquid, keep out of most stocks, but buy some shares of gold-mining companies and Treasury bills.

► Robert Persons Jr., an economics professor at the University of Bridgeport, has sold more than 25,000 copies of his \$10 book, *How to Beat the Depression That Is Surely Coming*, which was published last year and is now being plugged on TV. He is perhaps the ultimate trader in bad news. Persons tells interviewers that gold stocks once were good but have reached their plateau: gold coins are no good because the small investor must buy retail and sell wholesale; real estate is too often overpriced; commodities are just too complicated to trade in. So what does Persons recommend as an investment safe from hard times? Coming full circle from the traditional scaremonger view, he suggests that some of those U.S. stocks with depressed price-earnings ratios just might be a good buy.

BOYCOTTS

Falling off the Tightrope

U.S. oil companies that operate in the Middle East must walk a political tightrope. They are increasingly dependent on Arab nations for crude to supply their refineries, and the leaders of those countries are growing ever more aware of the power that their control of a vital industrial resource confers. Libyan Strongman Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, for example, recently called on the Arabs to use their oil as a political weapon in their campaign against Israel and backed up his vague threat

MICHAEL OLSEN



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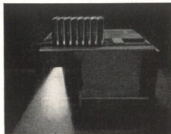


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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

by nationalizing one small American-owned oil firm.

Thus the oilmen are under constant pressure to publicly champion the Arab cause—but they are also well aware that any such action would enrage multitudes of their Western customers, stockholders and employees who vigorously support Israel and view any expression of pro-Arab sympathy as a threat to the Jewish state's existence. Faced with that dilemma, most oilmen have taken a supercautious stance, either saying nothing at all about Middle East politics or confining their statements to general appeals for "peace" to which neither Arabs nor Jews could object. If any proof of the wisdom of that policy were needed, it has now been supplied by Standard Oil Co. of California.

Arab Interests. Two weeks ago, Standard Oil Chairman Otto N. Miller sent a letter to the company's 262,000 stockholders and 41,000 employees, urging them to show "understanding on our part of the aspirations of the Arab people and more positive support of their efforts toward peace in the Middle East." The letter referred to America's growing need for Arab oil and Standard's own large interests in the Middle East (it owns 22.5% of Aramco, whose Saudi Arabian petroleum operations make it the largest producer of crude in the world). Miller also urged the U.S. to "work more closely with the Arab governments and enhance our relations with the Arab people." He did not even mention the word Israel.

The letter may have been sensible from the standpoint of an executive who must get along with the Arabs, but as could easily have been predicted, it was a public-relations disaster. Californians promptly began a grass-roots boycott of Standard's Chevron gas stations. A group of 30 pickets, including several Jews for Jesus, marched outside Standard's San Francisco headquarters; some advocated burning Chevron credit cards. One night bags of red dye, symbolizing blood, were spattered against the headquarters building; an anonymous caller told the Associated Press that the act was designed to get Standard to retract its policy. Across the continent, a few Exxon customers, who apparently confused the company's former name—Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)—with California Standard, threatened to turn in their credit cards.

Last week Miller backed off. In a letter to Richard Kaplan, chairman of San Francisco's Jewish Community Relations Council, who had requested "clarification" of Standard's policy, Miller rather lamely claimed that he had been misunderstood. "Some people," he said, thought he had implied "that peace and stability in the area could be established without regard to the existence of Israel or its legitimate interests. This is simply not true." That proved to be enough to stop some of the boycott and protests—and put California Standard back on the tightrope.

EYECATCHERS

Going Private

Oldtime fans who saw him in action still insist that Clint Frank was the greatest football player who ever strapped on a helmet. Frank, who won the Heisman Trophy in 1937 as a Yale halfback, has since run up a lot of points in another field: advertising. His Chicago-based Clinton E. Frank, Inc. had 1972 billings of \$87 million.

Two years ago, Frank went public; the agency sold shares at \$15.50 each. Lately those shares—along with those of many other publicly held ad agencies—have been thrown for a loss. The Frank shares have traded as low as \$5, bid in the over-the-counter market. As a result, Frank wants to take the extremely rare step of going private again. If shareholders approve his plan next month, the agency will buy back, at the book value of \$10.50, the roughly 350,000 shares owned by former employees and the general public.

Frank, now 57, argues that Wall Street does not properly evaluate agency stocks, and tends to overreact every time an account is won or lost. "We went public to provide liquidity," he says, "but how can you continue to have access to liquidity when there's no market for your stock?"

The Air Apparent

If crusty Olive Ann Beech, 69-year-old head of Wichita's Beech Aircraft Corp., is queen of the private-plane industry, her nephew Frank Hedrick is crown prince; since 1968 he has been Beech president. The division of labor has worked well, piloting Beech from a \$7.7 million loss in fiscal 1970 to a \$7,000,000 profit the next year. Now the family management team has begun merger negotiations with troubled Grumman Aircraft, which lost \$70 million in 1972 mostly because of cost overruns on the Navy's F-14 Tomcat fighter plane. Grumman officials contend that those troubles are now well behind them and that a merger between Beech and Grumman could provide a tremendous boost for both companies by mating Grumman's strength in research and development (it built lunar modules for the Apollo space program) with Beech's expertise in general aircraft marketing. Hedrick, 63, will surely be a major force in the new company.

The merger would provide Hedrick another opportunity to test his unorthodox management theories. Unlike most corporate executives, he operates without specific goals in mind, preferring to concentrate on what he calls "constant aims," which amounts to doing "any job assigned to you better

than the job has been done before." That is only one of his store of Dale Carnegie-ish homilies (another: "Don't forget to do today's chores or you won't be around tomorrow"). A bachelor until age 40, Hedrick is known for his love of golf and political conservatism. Strangely enough, neither he nor his aunt has learned to fly an airplane.



FRANK HEDRICK

A Touch of Class

Cary Grant last acted in a movie (*Walk, Don't Run*) in 1966, and since then has spent much of his time jetting round the world to promote the cosmetics of Fabergé Inc., of which he is a director. Now he is getting a new line of products to push. His knowledgeable advice has helped encourage Fabergé to join the growing list of big corporations (General Electric, Xerox, Mattel, Reader's Digest) that are sinking money into making movies.

Fabergé's Brut Productions subsidiary kicked off its first film, *A Touch of Class*, after Grant, 69, declared that if he were 20 years younger, he would have liked to play the lead himself. The \$2,000,000 light comedy grossed \$3.5 million in its first four weeks. Brut, named after a Fabergé men's fragrance, has completed three other films and put four more into production; it aims eventually to turn out six a year. Grant, who took a glider ride at a Sun Valley film festival last week to plug the movies, insists that he plans no acting comeback. "I'm really interested in the economics of it," he says. He points out that in addition to any profit, "each time one of our films is mentioned anywhere in the world, it is identified as a Brut production; you get a great deal back in hidden advertising." The new film division has also helped bring out one of the lesser-known talents of Fabergé President George Barrie, a former saxophone player who won a screen credit in *A Touch of Class* as a composer of the musical score.

CARY GRANT IN GLIDER AT SUN VALLEY





STUDENT WELLS WITH LECTURE SKELETON

The Days of the Prophet

H.G. WELLS

by NORMAN and JEANNE MACKENZIE
487 pages, Simon & Schuster, \$10.

H.G. Wells continues to be a biographer's dream and a book reviewer's waltz. His life stretched very nearly from Appomattox to Hiroshima. He was one of the world's great storytellers, the father of modern science fiction, an autobiographic novelist of scandalous proportion, a proselytizer for world peace through brain power, an unsurpassed popular historian, a journalist and inexhaustible pamphleteer, the friend and worthy adversary of great men and the lover of numerous beautiful and intelligent women.

But when he died in 1946 at the age of 79, Wells' reputation had long suffered from overexposure. Wells had some cause for gloom. Among the last of his 153 published books was *A Mind at the End of Its Tether*, a pessimistic essay written in 1945 that gave man little chance for survival. He had lived through two of the most destructive wars in history, a fact that must have frequently been on his mind, since in 1917 he coined the phrase "the war that will end wars." On the other hand, about a decade later he predicted that World War II would start in 1939.

Wells was the last of the high-level saturation prophets. His success as a futurist was based on a supreme confidence in man's worst instincts. For Wells, an atheist, theological good and evil did not exist. Original sin resided in the pinkish gray folds of the brain and expressed itself through brutish linkage, which operated the prehensile thumb. Given tools enough and time, *Homo sapiens* would turn the most



THE AUTHOR IN 1933

JACKET FROM 1973 WELLS REPRINT
A profound distrust of progress.

charming toy, the most fetching theory, into a weapon.

Patience is the prophet's greatest ally. In 1900, three years before the Wright brothers pattered over the sand at Kitty Hawk, Wells foretold the modern air armada in *The Shape of Things to Come*. On the eve of World War I, after reading a book about radium, he wrote *The World Set Free*, a novel that predicted the atomic bomb with such imaginative precision that the late physicist Leo Szilard acknowledged that the book had inspired the building of

his own apparatus for starting chain reactions.

Wells' life was involved in the most important ideas and events of his times, and British Biographers Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie patiently retell it in more detail than has heretofore been marshaled in any single book. Wells was a sickly boy, the son of a servant mother and a father who would rather play cricket than run his failing crockery shop in Kent. Wells escaped from genteel poverty when he moved from draper's assistant to scholarship student at London University in 1884. There he came under the lasting influence of Darwin's disciple, T.E. Huxley. It is not hard to imagine how Wells would be impressed by a theory that made the monkey the common ancestor of kings and cockneys. He was soon mixing Darwinian science and the social philosophy of Herbert Spencer in articles and stories that found ready outlets in Grub Street periodicals.

War of the Worlds. Wells was lucky to have come of age during one of journalism's most expansive periods. The new prosperity of the late 19th century stretched class lines and increased literacy and public curiosity. In addition, Darwinism had cut deeply into faith, adding to normal end-of-the-century malaise a vague sense of guilt and anxiety. One result of all that was a widespread hunger for tales of horror and apocalypse. Wells, who had a profound distrust of perfectibility through industrial progress, fed this hunger with his best-known and still widely read novels: *The Time Machine*, *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, *The Invisible Man* and *The War of the Worlds*. They were all written between 1895 and 1897. In an argument that is echoed today by many science-fiction writers, Wells stated that the novel was the only medium through which the great questions of social change could be discussed. Fiction would have to yield to his procrustean devices. "Before we are done," he said, "we will have all life within the scope of the novel."

Of course, Wells was too restless to be hemmed in by this or any other doctrine. He used the novel for comedy, satire and what the MacKenzies call "auto-analysis." *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, *Kippis*, *Tono Bungay* and *The History of Mr. Polly* were all based largely on his own experiences in rising up from the lower-middle class. *Anne Veronica* (1909), a thesis novel about free love, borrowed shamelessly from his own prolific sex life.

He was a Don Juan by any standard. Shortly after his first marriage to a cousin, Wells seduced her best friend. A second marriage too was quickly followed by numerous affairs. He stayed married, but was honest and open about his affairs. Secretaries, students, wide-

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It's easy to make a pitcher: 8-oz. (1 cup) Nestea Iced Tea Mix (lemon and sugar already in it). 12-oz. light, dry Puerto Rican Rum. Load up with ice cubes. Add water. Stir. Serves 8.



Send \$11.44 for 60-oz. pitcher and four 16-oz. glasses like these. Or \$5.95 for pitcher or \$5.49 for four glasses. Send check or money order (no cash) with your name and address to: Teatotaler, Dept. T-1, P.O. Box 9302, St. Paul, Minnesota 55193. Offer void where prohibited by law. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Offer expires December 31, 1973.



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.

eyed admirers filled his bed. He preferred brainy, emancipated females like Novelist Rebecca West, who during a long friendship bore him a son, the writer Anthony West.

Wells seems to have equated love with what the MacKenzie's call "intellectual euphoria." Sex, by contrast, was mainly for the relief of tension and depression. "There comes a moment in the day," he once told Charlie Chaplin, "when you have written your pages in the morning, attended to your correspondence in the afternoon, and have nothing further to do. Then comes that hour when you are bored; that's the time for sex."

He was too impatient an idealist to be much of a political animal. He also knew too much history to be taken in by demagogues and dictators. In 1920 he brought out what became by far his most successful book, *An Outline of History*, a sweeping two-volume narrative of human progress. *Outline* is a kind of bible of social engineering. Written in a single year of disciplined enthusiasm, it starts with cavemen and ends by pointing toward a New Jerusalem achieved through knowledge and World Federalism—a vision he constantly conjured up to dispel his chronic pessimism. A colleague recalls Wells during this period emerging from his study after a day's writing and chanting "Here we come over the High Pamirs—and mix with the Aryan peoples."

By the late '30s, much of what Wells had predicted had come true. A world already in future shock either forgot him or patronized him. Cruelly, Lytton Strachey snobbishly noted: "I stopped thinking about Wells the moment he became a thinker." Not everyone did, however. As late as 1969, Michael Crichton took the basic gimmick from *The War of the Worlds* and turned it into the bestseller *The Andromeda Strain*. For millions of people, one Wellian prediction, as headlined in the *New York American* in 1933, has yet to lose its chill: H.G. WELLS VISIONS THE ENTIRE WORLD IN THE CLUTCHES OF ORGANIZED CRIME: SEES ERA OF DESERTED ROADS, FORTIFIED BANKS, BARRICADED HOMES. ■ R.Z. Shepard

Wulff! Wulff!

ZODIAC AND SWASTIKA: HOW ASTROLOGY GUIDED HITLER'S GERMANY

by WILHELM WULFF
192 pages. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. \$5.95.

The title is somewhat misleading. This is not a serious study of how the Nazi leaders were influenced by their credulous trust in occultism, but the autobiography of a septuagenarian astrologer who occasionally was summoned to deliver prophecies. He is a man of such solemnity about his craft that he is capable of writing a sequence of sentences like this: "Not long afterward the Nazis were to take over completely.

These circumstances had a profound effect on my astrological practice."

Indeed this book is studded with apparently unwitting absurdities. For example: "This left me with a number of Jewish clients, who were being subjected to even worse persecution than we astrologers." Or, even worse, "You must meet Himmler," Kersten told me. "You'll like him. He is a nice man." So Wulff, who had been arrested in a roundup of astrologers after Deputy Führer Rudolf Hess's 1941 flight to England (Hess was believed to have consulted astrologers about the most favorable date for his departure), got invited to lunch at the castle of Heinrich Himmler, commander of the concentration camps and the SS.



HIMMLER IN UNIFORM
The Reichsführer dimly seen.

Wulff was impressed by "the cordiality of his welcome" but dismayed by Himmler's "lack of breeding." The Reichsführer SS sat "sucking his soup like a peasant."

Now it was May of 1944, beginning of the last ruinous year of the war. Himmler, who had read various horoscopes that Wulff had prepared for his aides, asked: "What do you think we should do?" Wulff insists that he replied by urging Himmler to stage a putsch, overthrow Hitler and then negotiate a peace: "Your constellations are favorable and Hitler's are bad." Himmler, lacking Wulff's confidence in the stars, equivocated.

From then on, Himmler apparently inundated Wulff with demands. When would Hitler die? Wulff claims he predicted the Führer's demise for the end of April 1945 (the actual date was April 30). Would the Yalta Conference suc-

ceed? Should he flee to the Alps? Wulff rarely tells us his answers, much less any of his reasons for them. He whines consistently about being overworked and the increasing frustrations of dealing with Himmler's entourage. He says that he continued vainly urging Himmler to overthrow Hitler, and there are moments when he actually seems to think that the replacement of one monster by another would have "brought peace and security to the world."

Several weeks before V-E day, Wilhelm Wulff was summoned for a last conference with Himmler, who looked swollen, reeked of liquor, and periodically broke down and started sobbing. "What's going to happen?" Himmler cried. "Why don't you tell me? Tell me, tell me what I am supposed to do!" Wulff answered that for his part he intended to go home and wait for the arrival of the allied armies. If he saw in any of his horoscopes that Himmler was soon to commit suicide, he does not tell us. He does end on a note of good cheer: "National Socialism was smashed and disappeared from the scene. Astrology... remained." ■ Otto Friedrich

Stiff Upper Lip

SMALL CHANGES
by MARGE PIERCY
562 pages. Doubleday. \$8.95.

Marge Piercy's last novel, *Dance the Eagle to Sleep*, was clamorously received two years ago. She wrote about the angry counterculture—runaway kids, commune dwellers—with a contemporary's sympathetic understanding and a traditional fiction style. It seemed the ideal book for the over-the-counterculture fellow who wanted to be imaginatively in touch with the hard-edged confusions of youth.

Small Changes almost totally lacks that earlier book's homely virtues. The dust jacket says that Miss Piercy has become active in the feminist movement, and instead of creating believable characters, she has set some stick figures in motion to illustrate her conviction that women would be better off if they organized their lives without men. There are two main characters. Beth is a plain girl from a very simple background who runs away from a brutalizing husband and settles in Boston, where she becomes involved in women's communes and lesbianism. Miriam is a brilliant beauty who wastes her energies on a succession of truculent male losers, all in the name of security.

The men in *Dance the Eagle to Sleep* were not all admirable, but they were lively, unpredictable people. In *Small Changes* they are oppressive, lethargic and sexually incompetent. It is possible to be very critical of men and still produce subtle, energetic male characters, as Doris Lessing has proved. Piercy gives evidence of finding the task beneath her notice.

There is some interesting material

She needs your love.



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
BELO HORIZONTE, BRAZIL
CASEWORKER REPORT

TO FAMILY HELPER PROJECT, SAO DOMINGOS

NAME: MARTA MARIA DA SILVA

AGE: 4 1/2 YEARS

NATIVE PLACE: BELO HORIZONTE

ORDER OF BIRTH: LAST CHILD (LIVING)

HEALTH: FAIR; VITAMIN DEPRIVED WITH POSSIBLE DAMAGE TO HER EYESIGHT, LUTS AND BRUISES ON BACK & LEGS.

CHARACTERISTICS: CHEERFUL, BRIGHT, AFFECTIONATE, SPEAKS WITH SLIGHT LISP.

PARENTS CONDITION: FATHER: BLIND, ASKS ALMS ON THE STREETS, MOTHER: DECEASED, DIED IN CHILDBIRTH (INFANT STILLBORN).

INVESTIGATION REPORT: MARTA'S FATHER SUFFERED FROM AN ILLNESS SEVERAL YEARS AGO WHICH LEFT HIM BLIND. HE CAN GET ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY FROM BEGGING. HE CANNOT TAKE CARE OF OR PROTECT HIS CHILDREN. HOME SITUATION BAD. HERE IS LIVING WITH THE FAMILY AN "UNCLE" WHO IS CRUEL AND IS SUSPECTED OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF, AND BEATING THE BOYS (MARTA'S OLDER BROTHERS). SO FAR ONLY PUNISHES MARTA. FATHER PITIFUL IN HIS PLEA THAT HE HELP MARTA. HE IS TERRIFIED AT WHAT MAY BECOME OF HER. BEGS US TO HELP SO THEY CAN MOVE AWAY FROM UNCLE'S HOUSE. (BUT APPEARS TO BELONG TO THIS "UNCLE.")

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: TWO ROOM HUT OCCUPIED BY MARTA, HER TWO BROTHERS, HER FATHER AND UNCLE. TWO ROOM HUT BUT WHOSE ACTUAL RELATIONSHIP TO THE FAMILY IS NOT CLEAR. THE "UNCLE" IS A BRUTAL MAN AND IT APPEARS LIKELY HIS "PUNISHMENTS" ACCOUNT FOR THE BRUISES & CUTS ON MARTA. FATHER FEARS THE UNCLE BUT BEING BLIND IS UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING. HOUSE IS DIRTY - NO SANITATION OR RUNNING WATER.

BROTHERS: ALMIRO FELIX DA SILVA - AGE 8 YEARS
ANTONIO ADRIANO DA SILVA - AGE 7 YEARS

REMARKS: IN SPITE OF BAD HOME LIFE, MARTA IS A TRUSTING, SWEET CHILD. BUT SOON SHE MUST CHANGE IF HELP DOESN'T COME. FATHER IS EAGERLY WILLING TO COOPERATE IN ALL WAYS IF CCF CAN FIND SPONSOR FOR MARTA AND ENROLL HER IN FHP PROGRAM.

URGENT: RECOMMEND IMMEDIATE ACCEPTANCE INTO CCF SAO DOMINGOS FHP.



BOOKS

ROBERT SHAPIRO



MARGE PIERCY

Full-bodied in the rye.

in the book, especially about women's communes in shabby Boston suburbs like Somerville and Allston. Someone is always arriving with two or three little children. Everyone is tired, broke and oddly exhilarated. Even in these scenes without men, the musk of female superiority is heavy indeed. The children grow strong, tough and alert. Organic rye bread rises on every page, along with wheat germ, Granola and currents. Sex with another woman seems a sure cure for repression. Beth learns "to love with her body, to express with her body, to know with her body." There are trackless acres of such prose. It is all enough to give lesbianism a bad name and vegetarianism too.

■ Martha Duffy

Every day our workers around the world receive reports like this one on Marta (her real name is not used to protect her future).

And then our staff must make the terrible decision—which child can we help? And which child must be turned away?

Little Marta is one of the lucky ones. Because an American such as you became a CCF sponsor and reached out to her, she was enrolled in a CCF Family Helper Project.

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around the world who desperately need your assistance. Could you turn away such a child, and still sleep at night?

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Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$____.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

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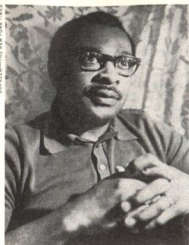
Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Breakfast of Champions, Vonnegut (1 last week)
- 2—Once Is Not Enough, Susann (2)
- 3—Facing the Lions, Wicker (3)
- 4—The Billion Dollar Sure Thing, Erdman (4)
- 5—Harvest Home, Tryon (5)
- 6—The Hollow Hills, Stewart (6)
- 7—The Odessa File, Forsyth (8)
- 8—The Summer Before the Dark, Lessing (7)
- 9—Law And Order, Uhnak (9)
- 10—Evening in Byzantium, Shaw

NONFICTION

- 1—The Joy of Sex, Comfort (11)
- 2—Sybil, Schreiber (3)
- 3—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Atkins (2)
- 4—Weight Watchers Program Cookbook, Nidetch (8)
- 5—How to Be Your Own Best Friend, Newman & Berkowitz (6)
- 6—The Sovereign State of ITT, Sampson (7)
- 7—Laughing All the Way, Howar (9)
- 8—My Young Years, Rubinstein (5)
- 9—Marilyn, Mailer (4)
- 10—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Harris (10)



DEPROGRAMMER TED PATRICK



DAN VOLL DANCING DURING OUTDOOR EVANGELIZING SESSION AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

RELIGION

Open Season on Sects

Ted Patrick is a compact, modishly dressed black man of 43 with an abiding hatred for the new religious movements now proliferating across the U.S. A zealot who despises zealots, he has a list of scores of sects and cults—Christian, Oriental and syncretist. He accuses them of being part of a vast Communist conspiracy to seduce young minds through a kind of spiritual brainwashing. Patrick's remedy is as drastic as his charges: he assists families in abducting the young believers, many of them over 21, from the religious groups they have joined, and then conducts a kind of brainwashing of his own—"deprogramming" them, as he calls it. He is a high school dropout with no psychological credentials; yet he has won the trust of enough parents to have conducted, he claims, 139 successful deprogrammings and to have inspired some 550 others during more than two years of crusading. In Manhattan last week, he faced the judgment of a criminal court for the first time.

Patrick was charged with assault and unlawful imprisonment, each a misdemeanor that carries a maximum sentence of one year in jail. The charges grew out of an episode on Manhattan's Upper West Side last winter, when Dan Voll, a former Yale undergraduate just 13 days short of his 21st birthday, was suddenly seized and muscled into a waiting car (TIME, March 12). The abductors were Voll's father Eugene, his mother Marie, and Ted Patrick. Summoned by Voll's frantic cries for help, police stopped the car before it had gone two blocks and freed the young man, who suffered a dislocated finger in the struggle.

Instead of challenging the facts, the defense attempted to justify them. Pat-

rick was only acting as an agent of Voll's parents, his attorney said, and the parents themselves were acting in the young man's best interests. Dan Voll's religious beliefs, his parents had been told, had turned him into a "zombie," and they had only wanted to rescue him.

Voll is a staunch adherent of a small, New York-based band of some 40 Protestant pentecostals who call themselves the New Testament Missionary Fellowship. The group's three-hour Sunday services, in a Manhattan apartment, include robust hymn fests and something called "dancing in the Spirit," a sprightly, solo two-step that expresses their spiritual joy. Otherwise, the fellowship is self-consciously prim. Men wear short haircuts and neat suits; women wear dresses that fall below the knee. Members eschew all nonmarital sex, hold regular jobs, tend to live close to one another as if in some kind of lay monastery. But critics say they are in-sufferably elitist, consider themselves more enlightened than other Christians, and generally see the devil at work in anyone who disagrees with them. Worse, to some parents, is that they often seem to stress fellowship ties over those of family.

Lost Souls. In the witness stand, thin and intense, Voll confirmed the story of a long-disintegrating relationship with his staunch Missouri Synod Lutheran parents, who live in Farmington, Conn. He refused to go home for Christmas vacation, dropped plans to enter the Lutheran ministry, and eventually decided to take a leave of absence from Yale in order to work for the fellowship's fledgling publishing house. On one occasion when he did go home, he carried off and threw away many of his rock records because he feared that they might contaminate his younger brother and sisters. When his parents warned



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him that his salvation was in peril, Voll told them to stop criticizing his church or they would "lose their own souls."

Star witness for the defense was Dan Voll's onetime college roommate, a former member of the New Testament Missionary Fellowship himself—Wes Lockwood, a Yale junior who was spirited away from the campus last January and subjected to an intense and apparently successful deprogramming. Still an earnestly evangelical young Christian but fiercely critical of the fellowship, Lockwood testified that he had not thought for himself for the 2½ years he was in the group, until Patrick's deprogramming "released" him. Now, he said, he favors using the technique to rescue all the fellowship members.

Testifying for the prosecution, President William McGill of Columbia University, which employs several fellowship members, called them "perfectly fine young people." But even if such groups seemed "repellent," McGill said, "I would not tolerate any acts restrictive of the freedoms of young people." The Rev. Dean Kelley, a United Methodist minister who is author of *Why Conservative Churches Are Growing*



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RELIGION

and religious-liberty director for the National Council of Churches, defended the fellowship's usefulness. Without such "high demand" groups, said Kelley, some people might turn to drugs, alcohol, crime—or even suicide. Moreover, he said, "it's the way all great religions start."

Before the two-week trial ended, Judge Bruce Wright had dismissed the charge of assault against Patrick. Instructing the jury on the charge of unlawful imprisonment, he cited a provision of the New York penal code that permits the violation of law in order to avoid "a greater injury" (a legal principle recently cited by John Ehrlichman in defending the President). If Voll's abductors were justified in believing that he would suffer greater harm by remaining in the fellowship than he would by being forcibly separated from it, then, Wright told the jurors, the abduction could be "excused." That was apparently enough for the jury. After 2½ hours of deliberation, they pronounced Ted Patrick not guilty. Explained one juror, a novelist: the New Testament Missionary Fellowship represented "spiritual fascism."

Civil Action. Patrick exulted after the trial in what he called "a great victory for the nation." Even on the week-end before the verdict, he told TIME Correspondent Richard Ostling, he had been busy in Rhode Island trying to deprogram a young woman member of the Children of God. Now, he said, he might go on a speaking tour to pay his lawyer's fees; when he comes back to deprogramming, he may demand a fee on top of the expenses he has hitherto asked. As for the New Testament Fellowship, whose members now escort each other to avoid abduction, Patrick says, "I would like to get everybody out of that group."

Patrick has already been involved in deprogramming attempts on three other fellowship members besides Voll and Lockwood. Last May he was arrested, along with an irate husband, for trying to hold the man's 31-year-old wife, Esther DiQuattro, but a New York grand jury refused to indict him. Two sisters, Margaret Rogow, 19, and Elizabeth, 21, charge that their parents, influenced by Patrick, have twice tried to abduct them. A grand jury is expected to consider the case soon.

One problem with combating Patrick's religious bounty-hunting is that it is a private endeavor, and constitutional guarantees of religious freedom only prohibit Government interference. If Patrick is not stopped under criminal statutes, some sort of civil action may be the only legal avenue against his crusade. In the meantime, says Dean Kelley, the verdict has made deprogramming "far and away" the leading religious-liberty problem in the U.S. "Apparently it's now open season on young adults who persist in religious groups that their parents or spouses oppose."

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